

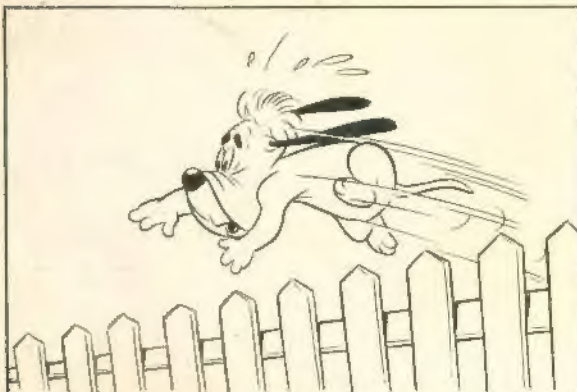
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Tom and Jerry comics



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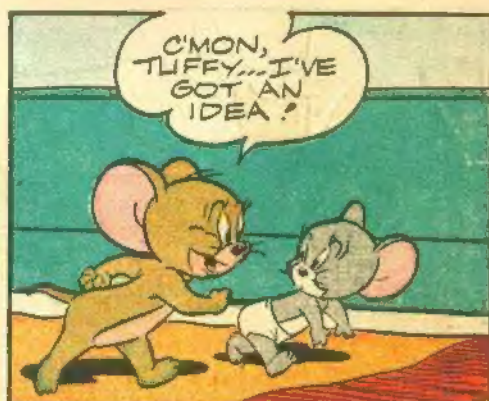
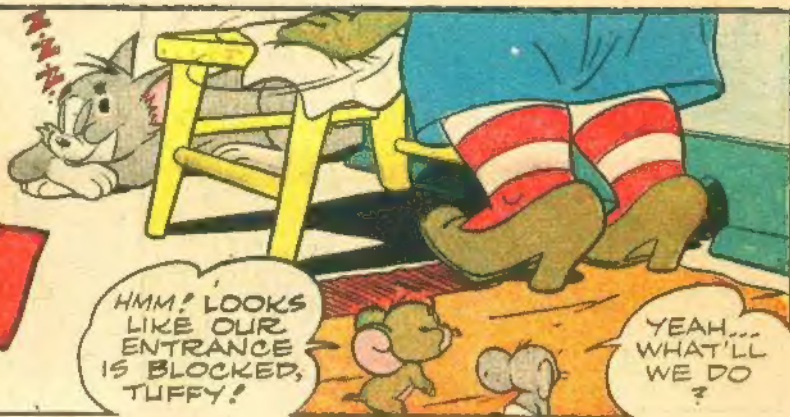


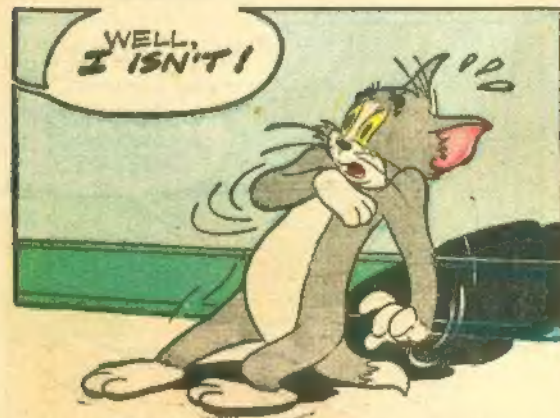
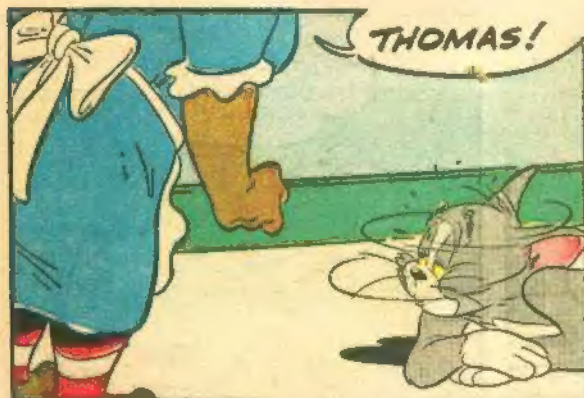
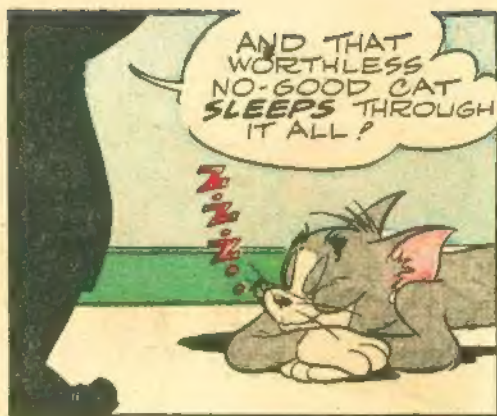
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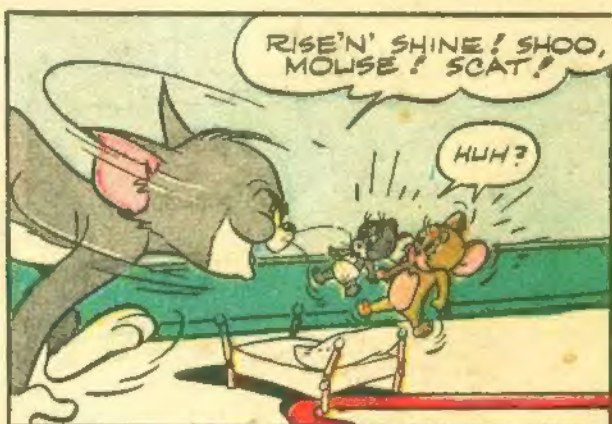
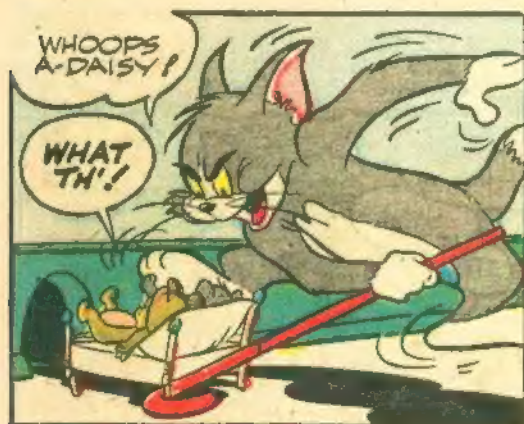
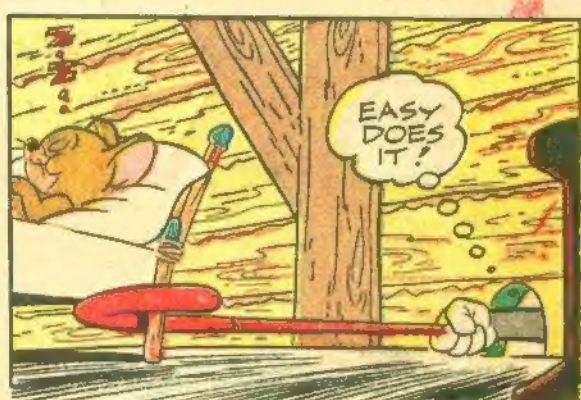
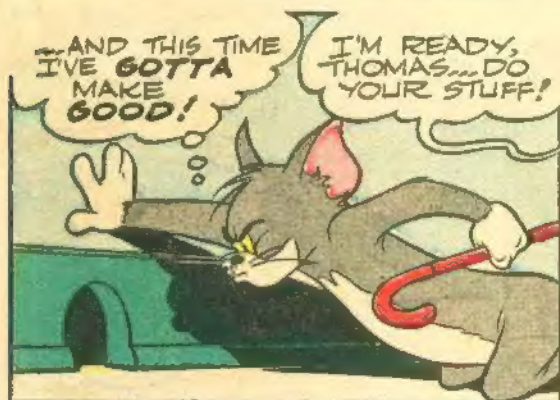
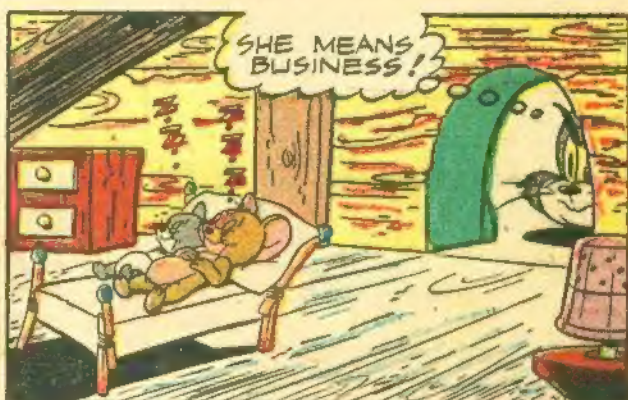
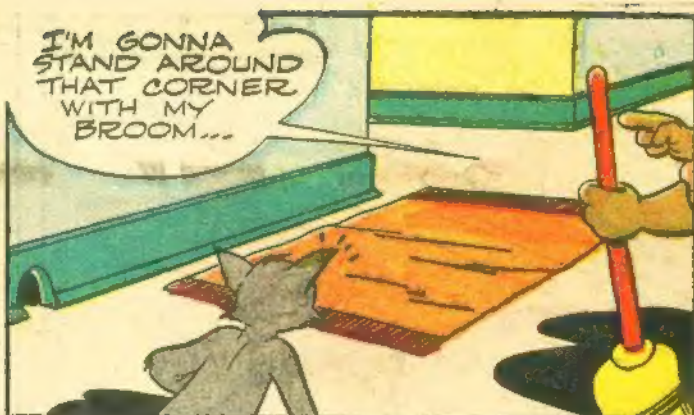
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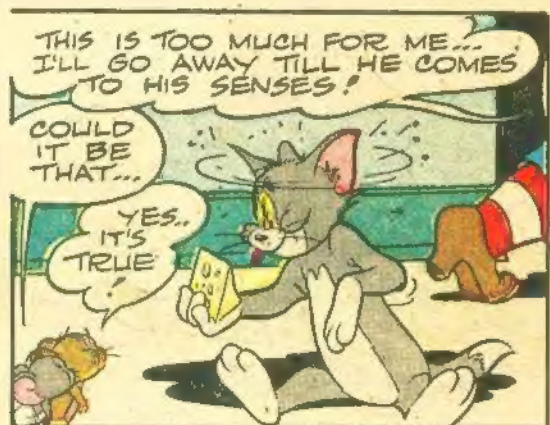
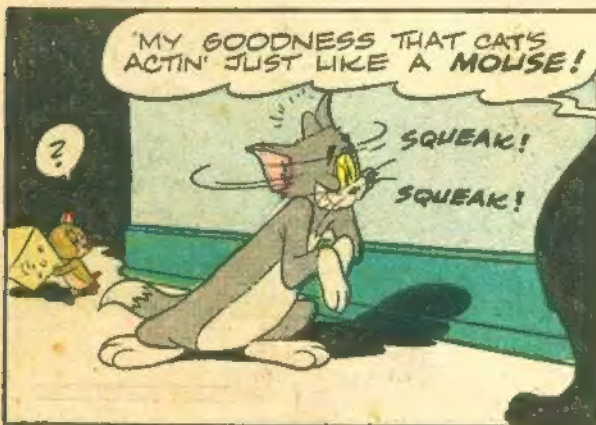
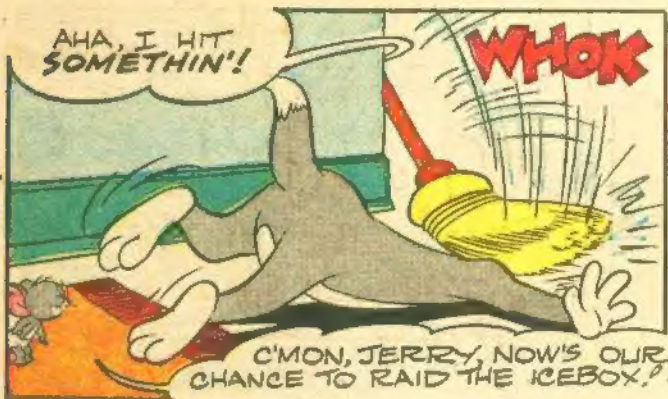
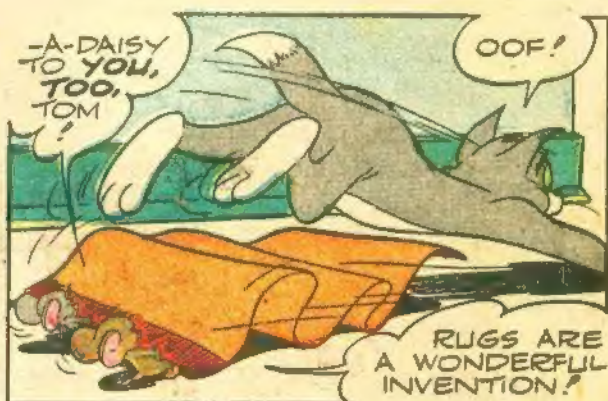
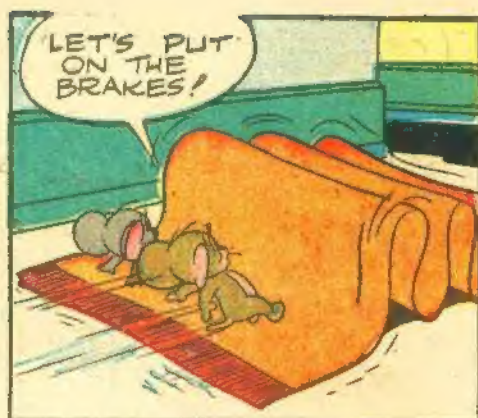
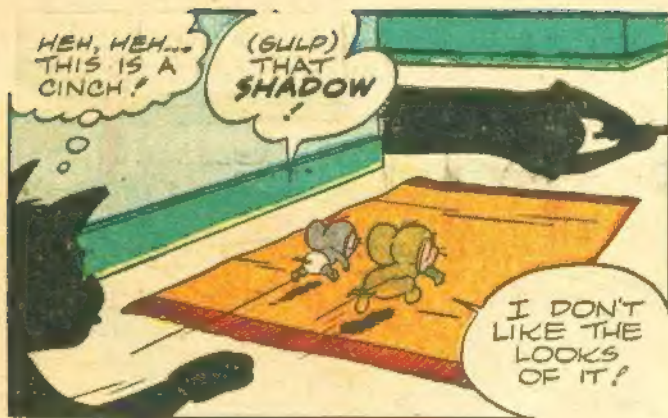
M-G-M-CARTOONS
present

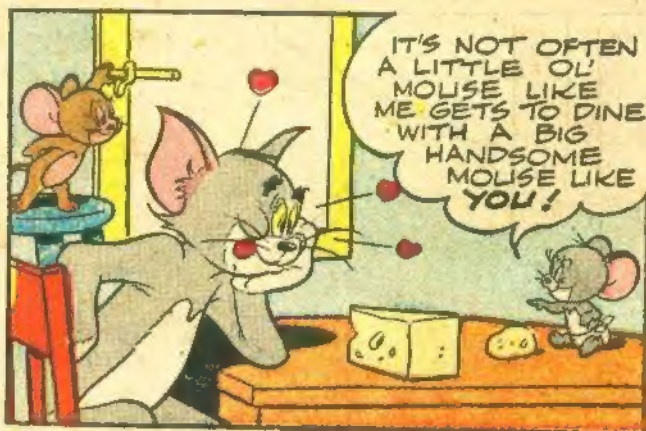
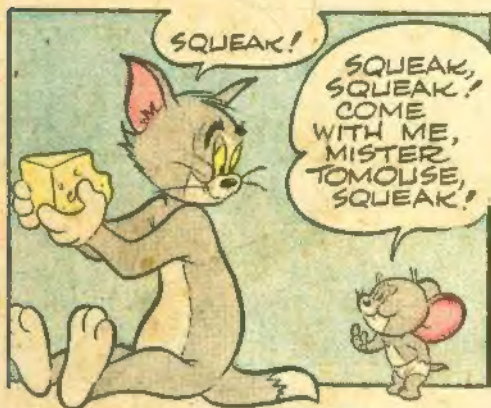
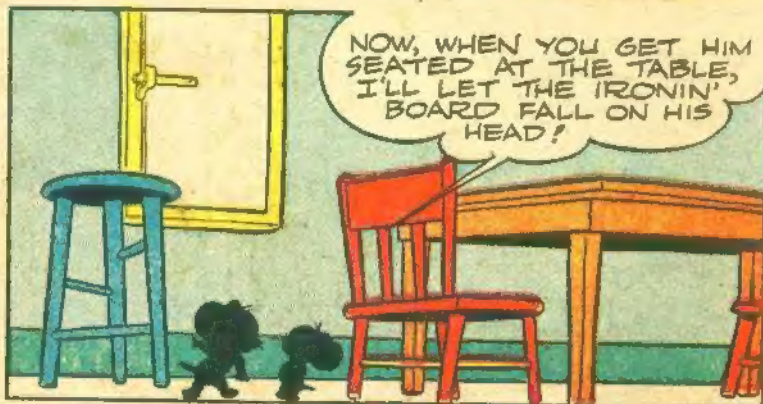
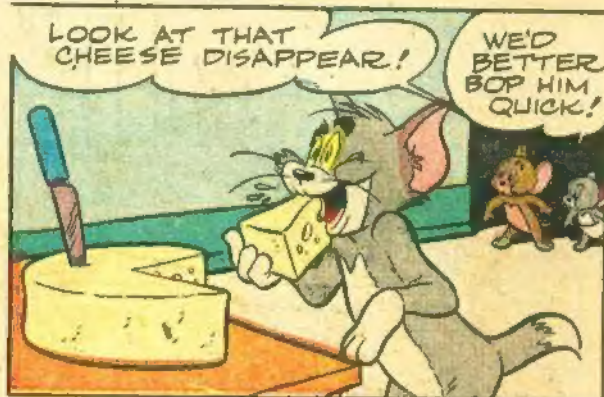
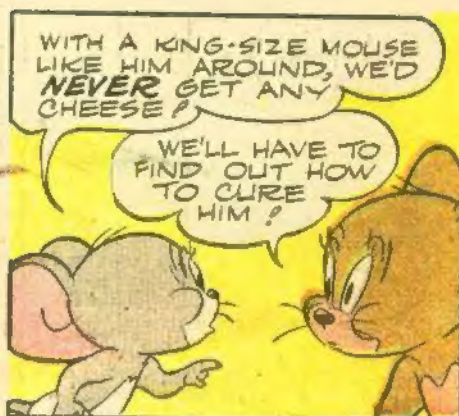
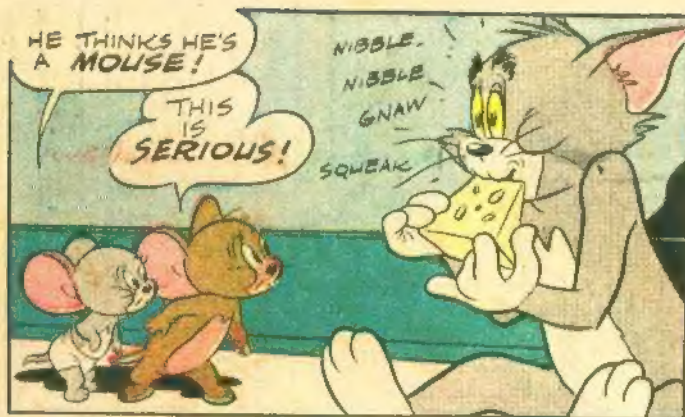
TOM and JERRY

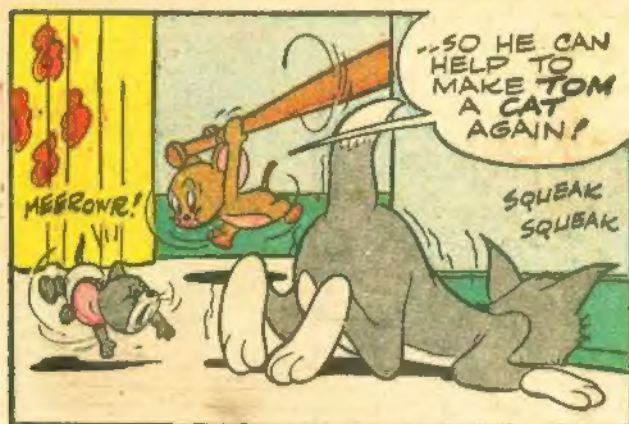
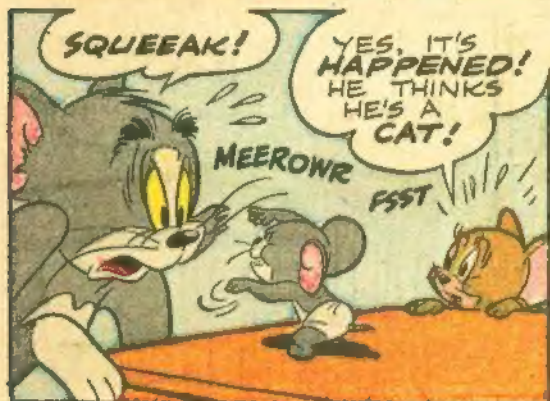
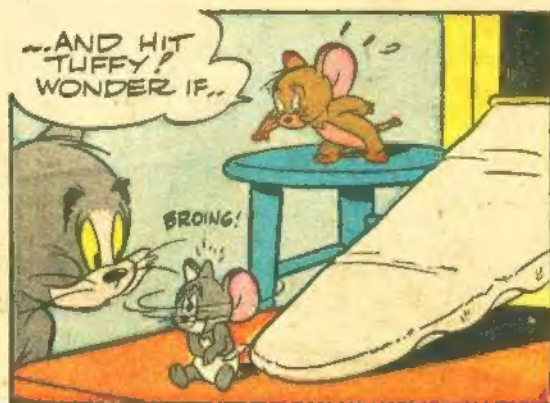
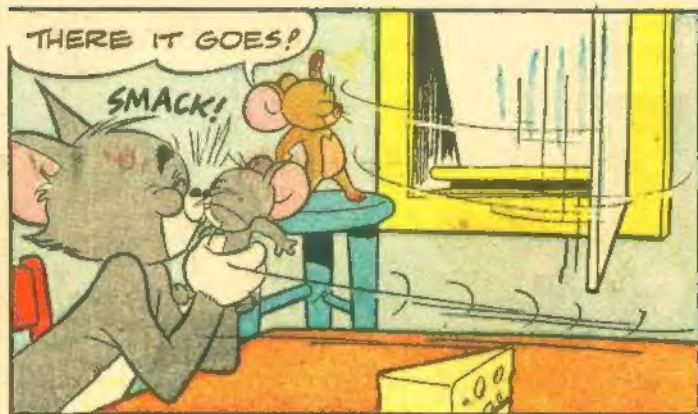
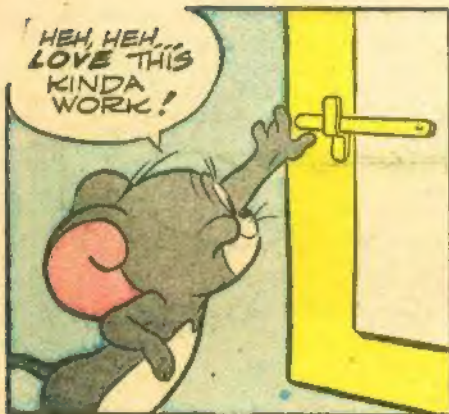


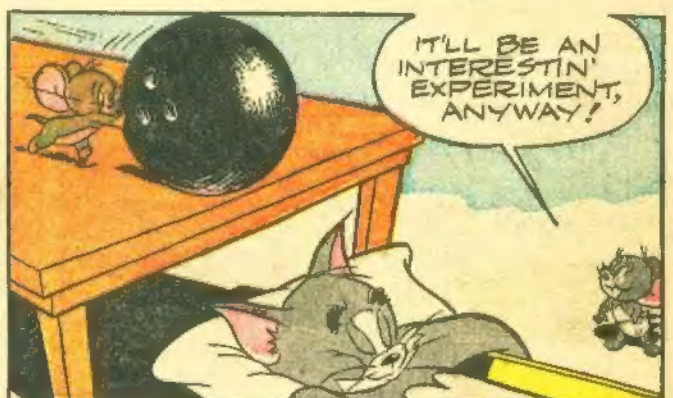
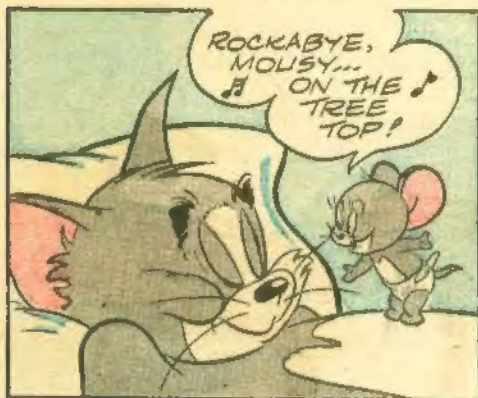
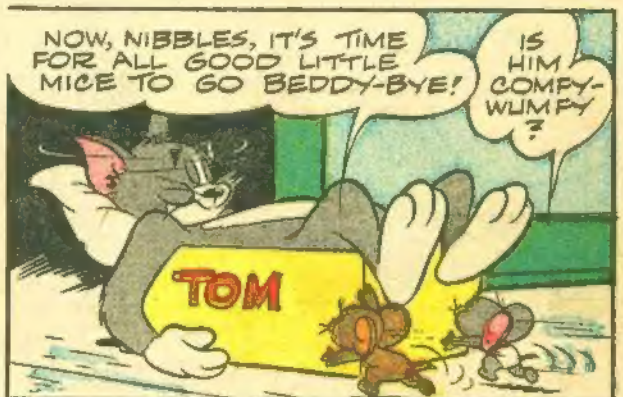
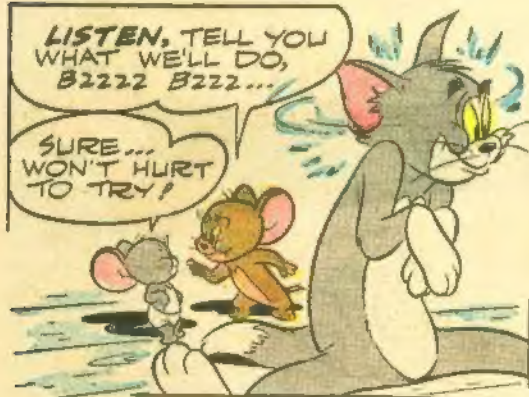
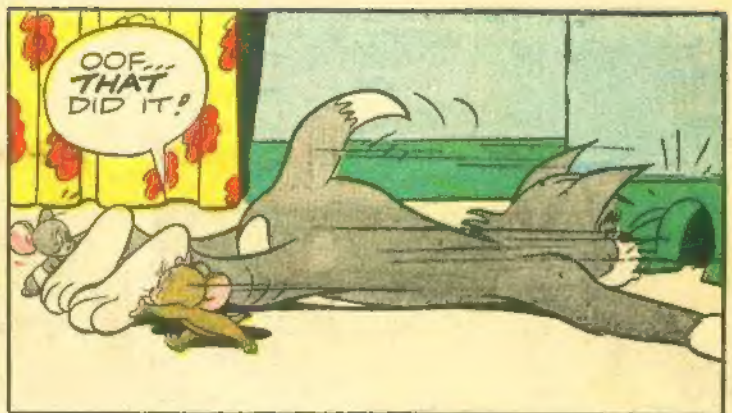
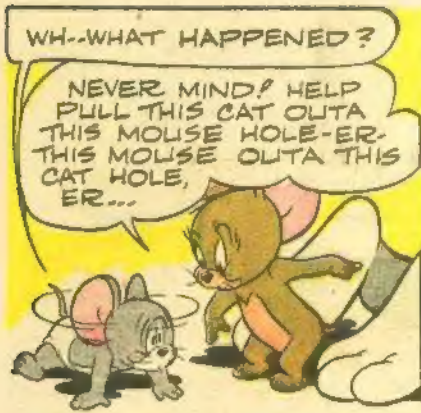


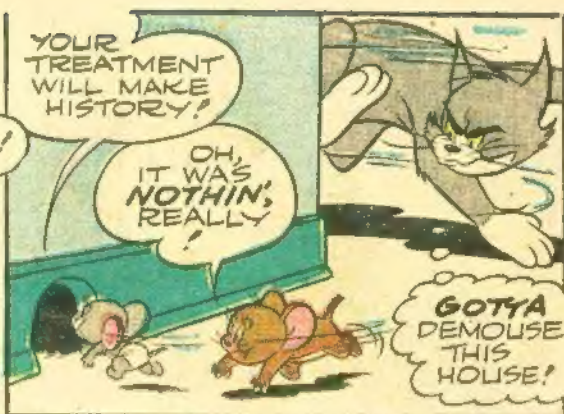
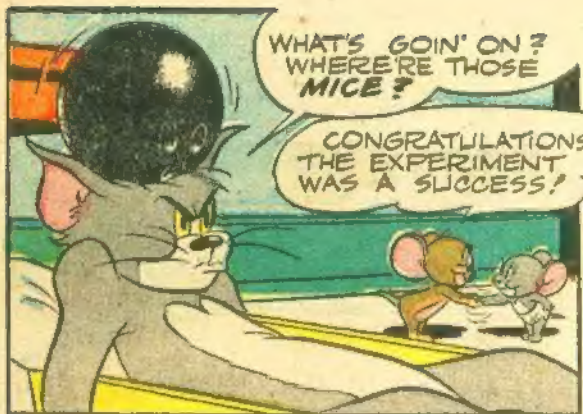


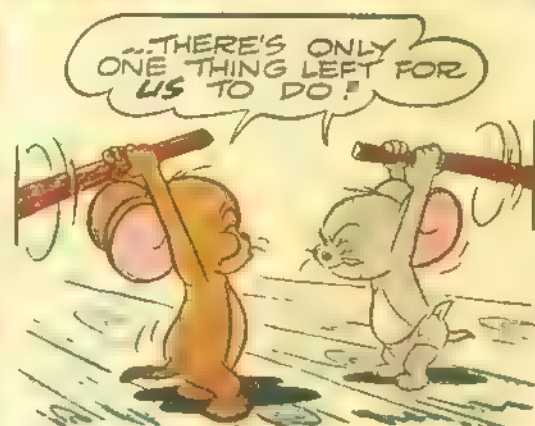
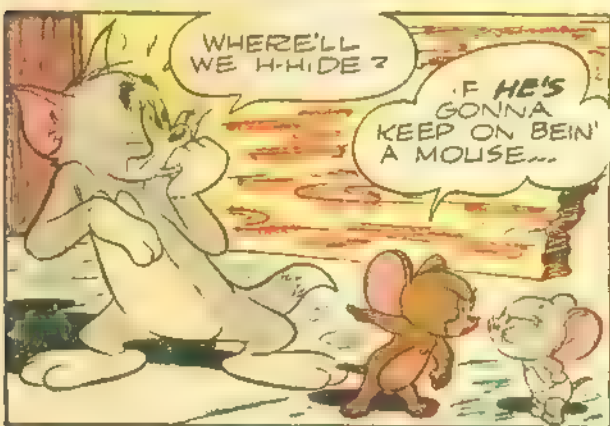
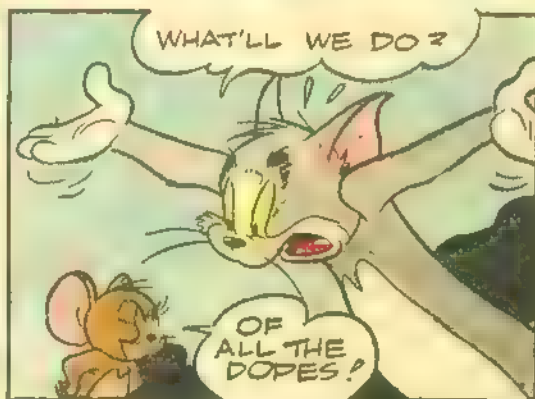
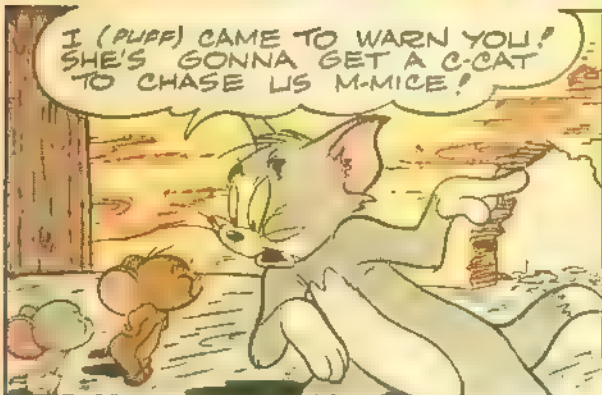
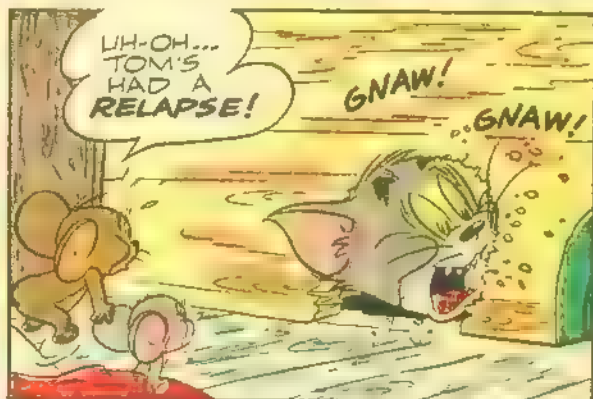
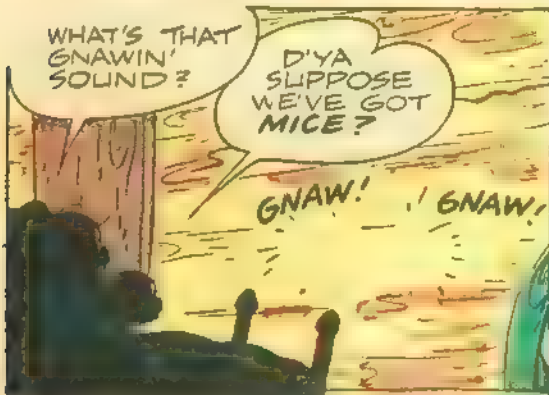
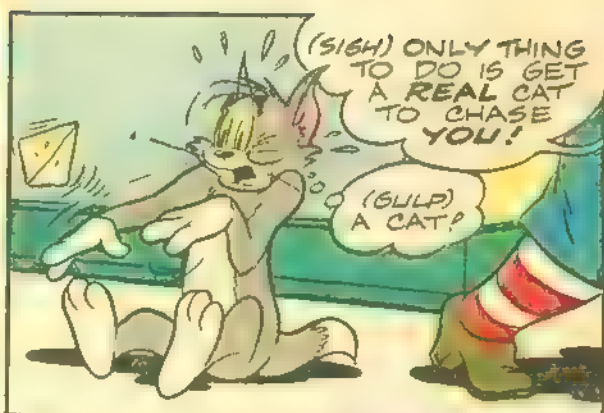
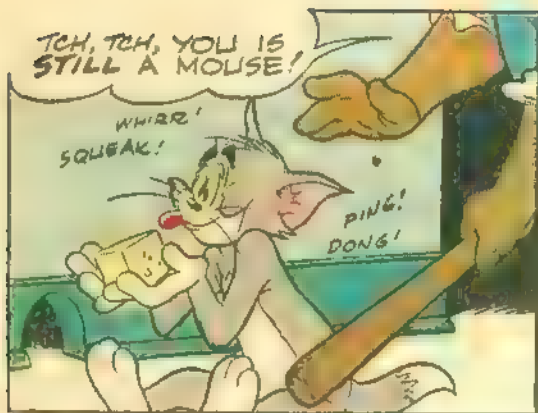


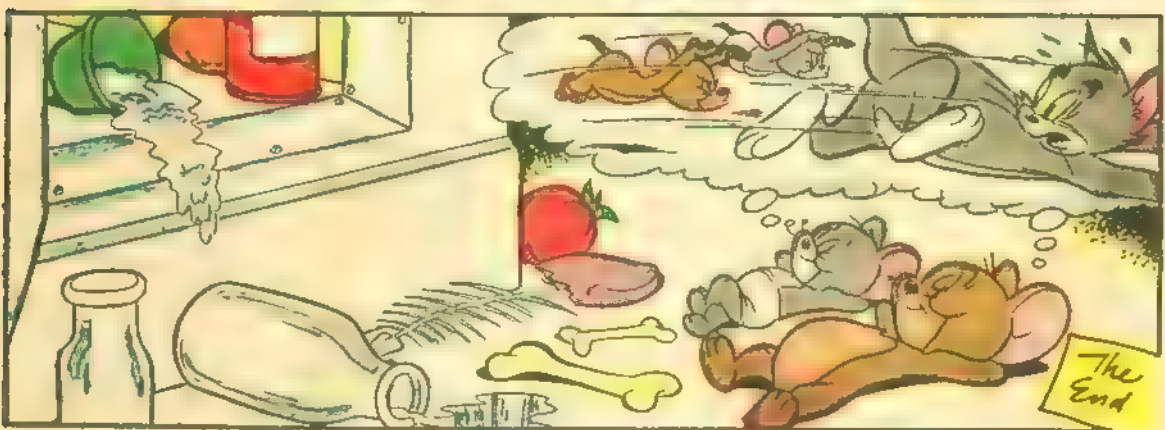
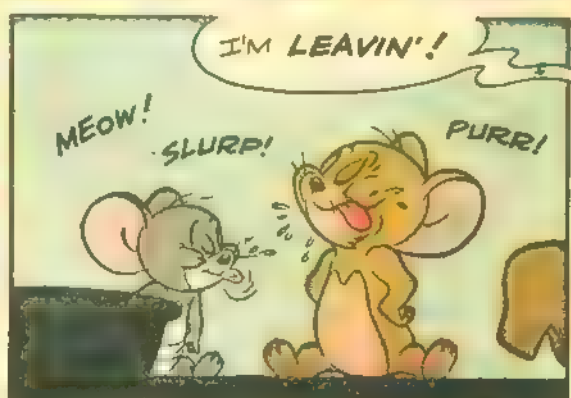
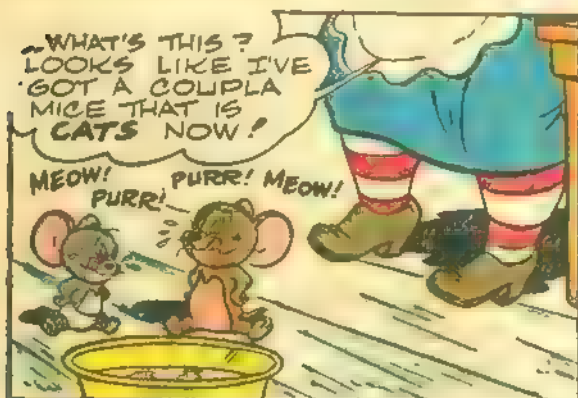
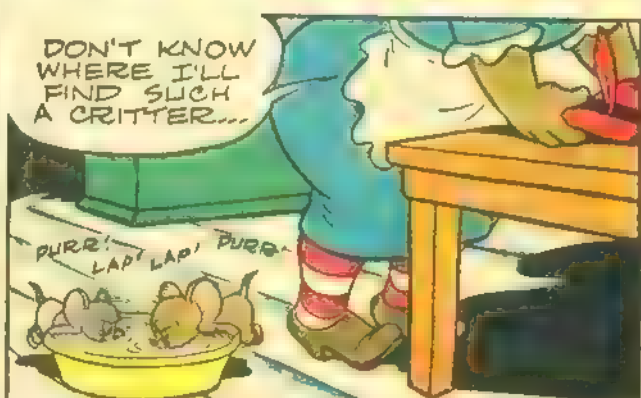
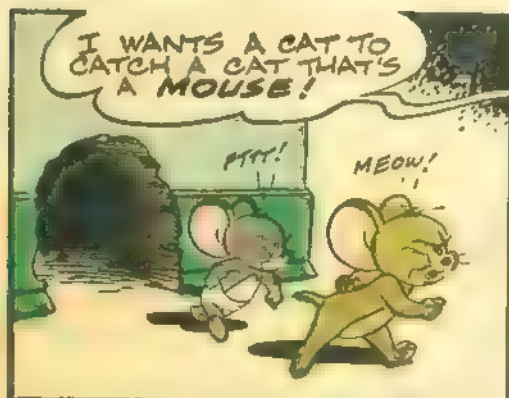
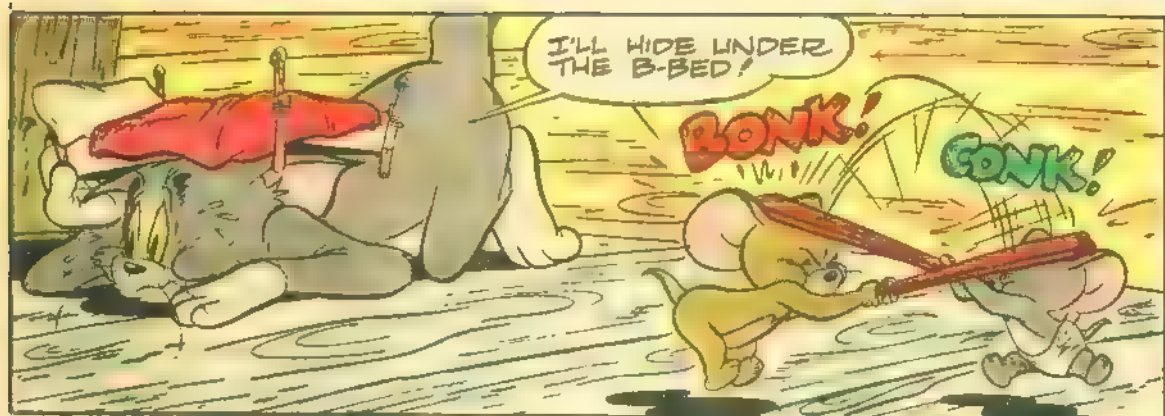












M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

Big SPINKE and Little TYKE

SURE
HOT,
ISN'T IT,
POP?

YEAH, TYKE...
DOGS CAN GET
FUNNY IDEAS
IN THIS KIND
OF WEATHER

LOOK AT THAT DOG,
POP! WHY DOES HE
LOOK
SO
SAD?

HEH, HEH,
HE'S A
SAINT BERNARD,
TYKE, AND
ALL SAINT
BERNARDS
LOOK
SAD!

HELLO! MY PUP
JUST ASKED WHY
YOU LOOKED SO
SAD... SOME
JOKE,
EH?

JOKE? I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING FUNNY
ABOUT IT!
I'M VERY
WORRIED!

WILLIERS,
ANYBODY
CAN SEE
THAT?

WELL,
WHAT'S
WORRYIN'
YOU?

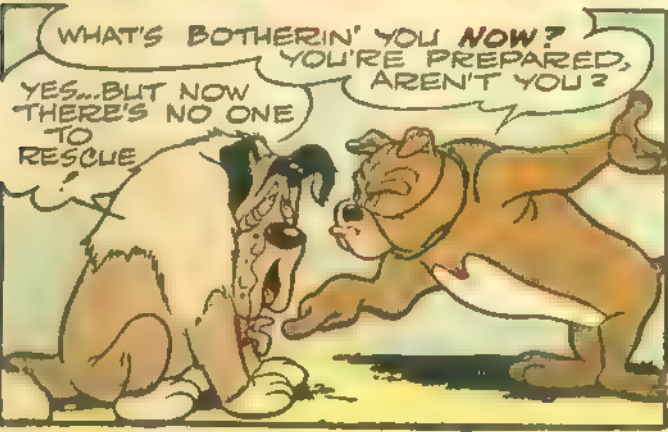
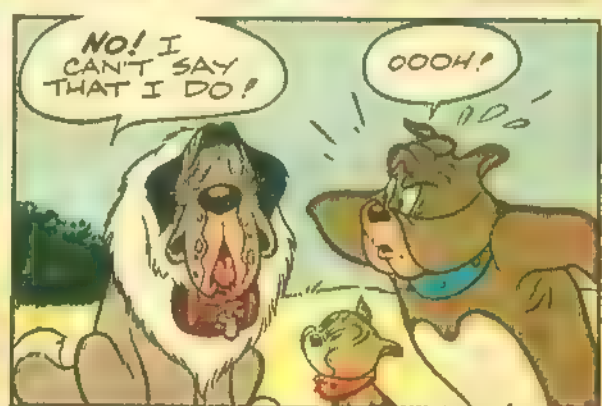
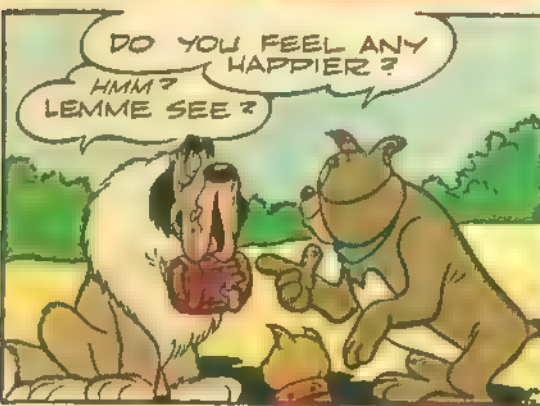
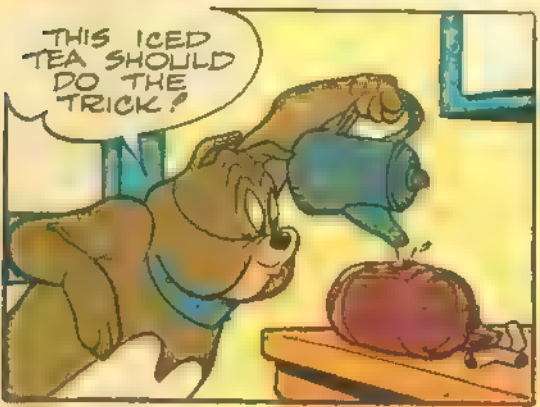
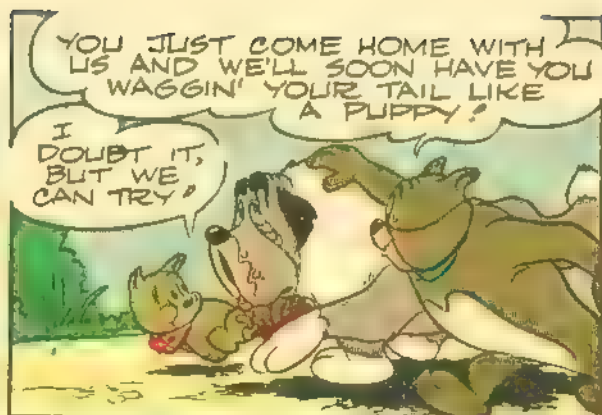
PLENTY! I'M A SAINT
BERNARD, AND I'M
SUPPOSED TO RESCUE
PEOPLE LOST IN
SNOWDRIFTS... BUT MY
LITTLE KEG IS
EMPTY, AND...

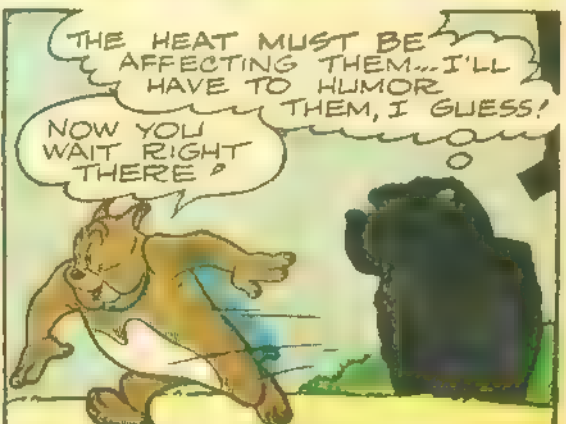
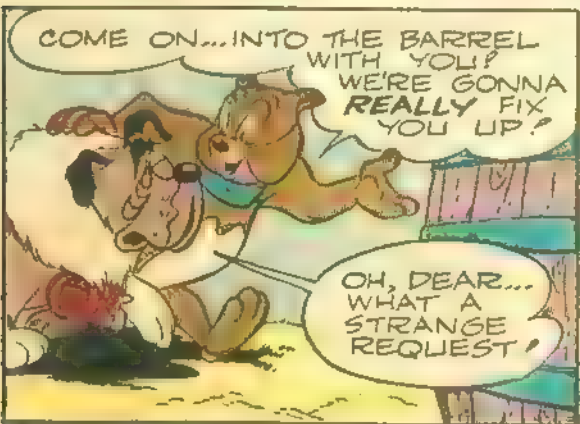
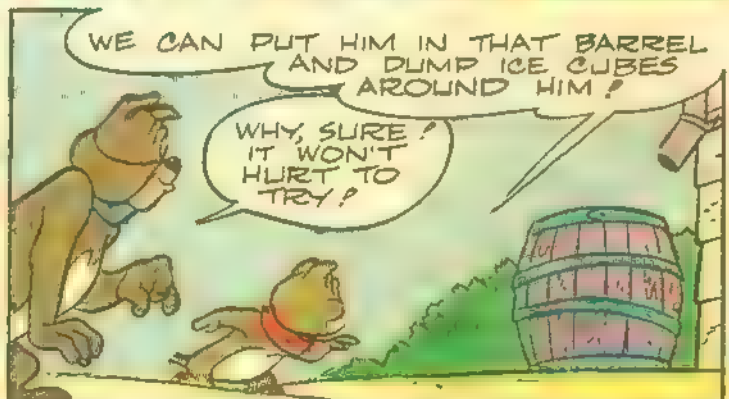
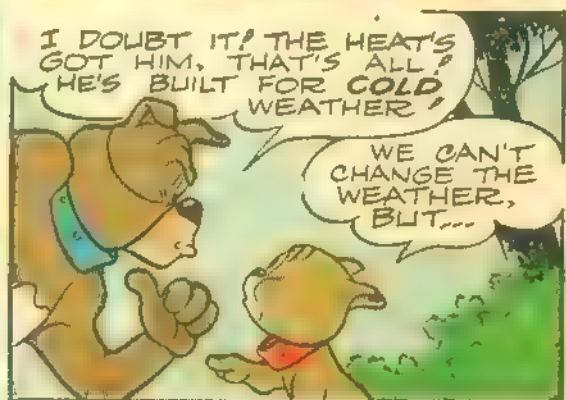
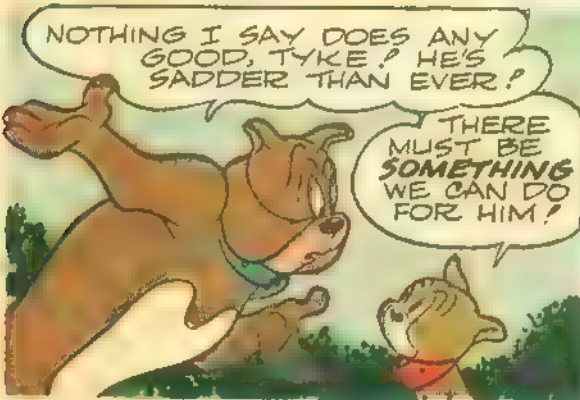
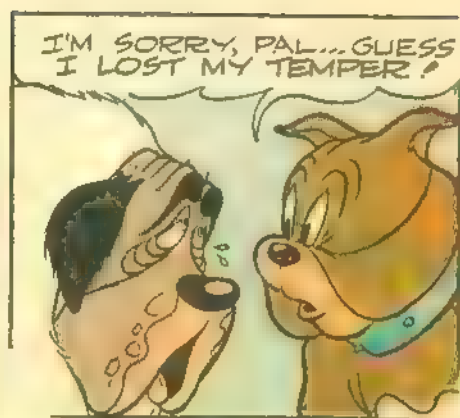
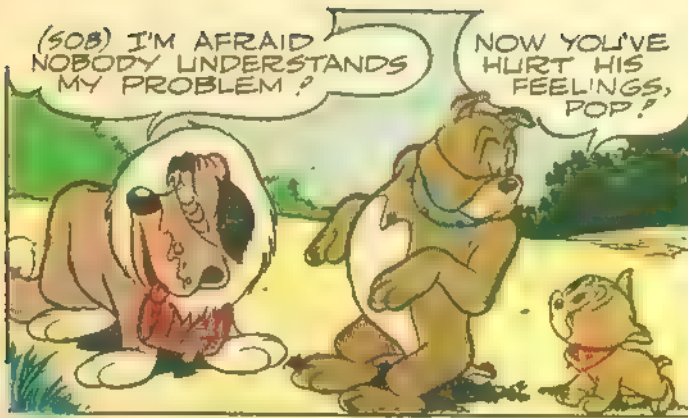
...(SIGH) IF WE HAD A BAD STORM
AND I HAD TO RESCUE
SOMEBODY, I'D BE
COMPLETELY
UNPREPARED!

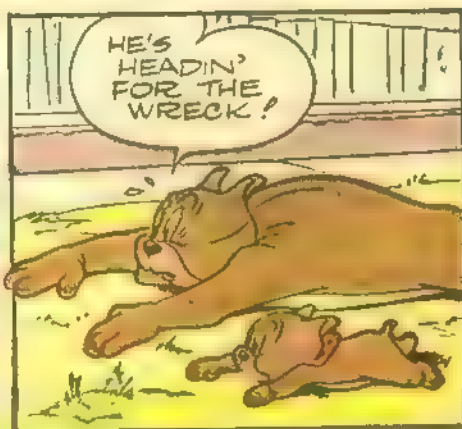
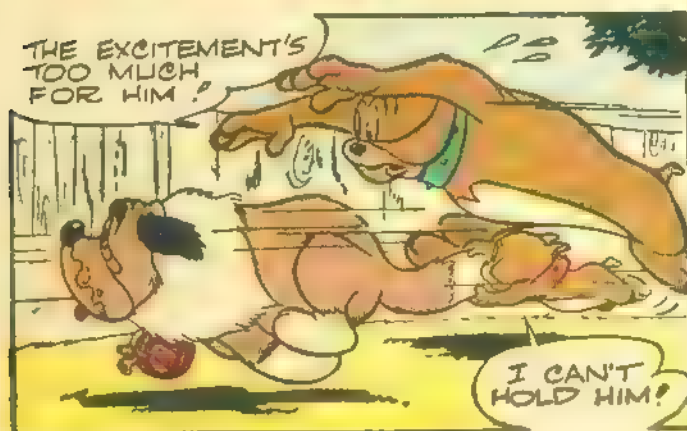
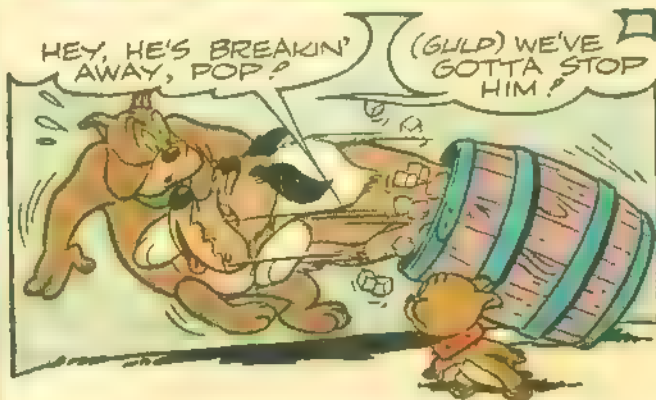
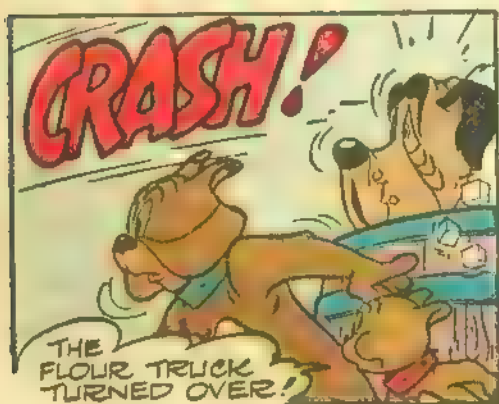
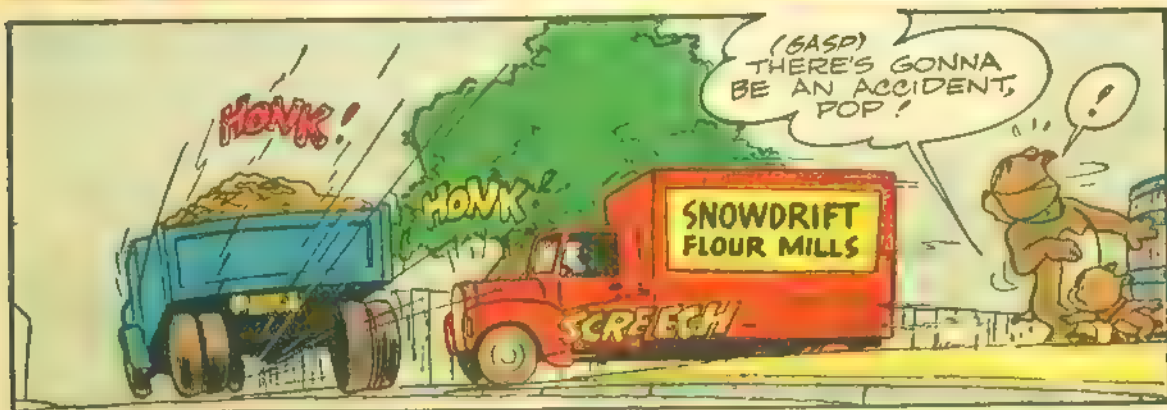
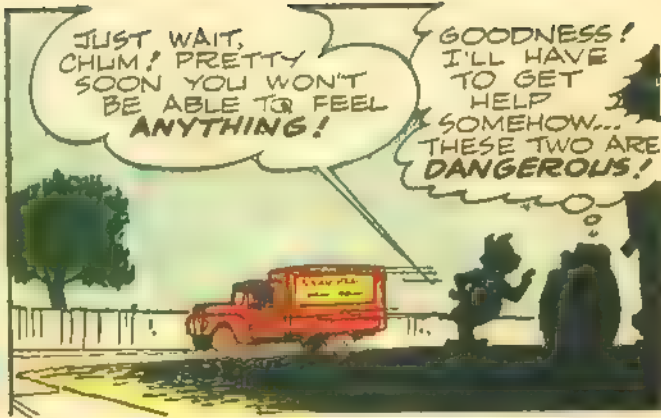
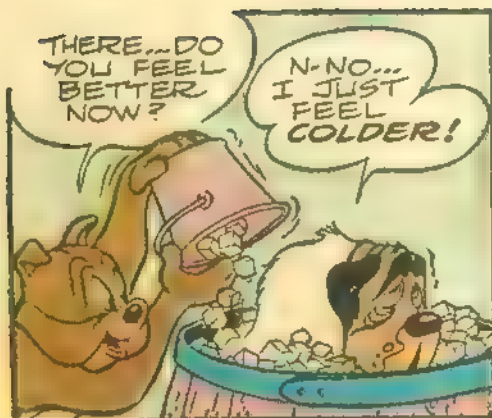
OH...
OH...

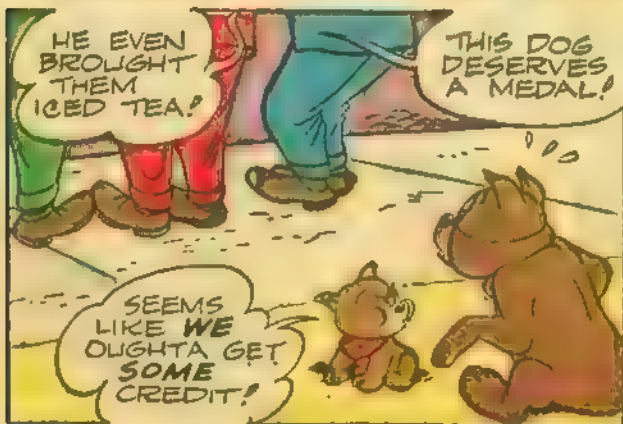
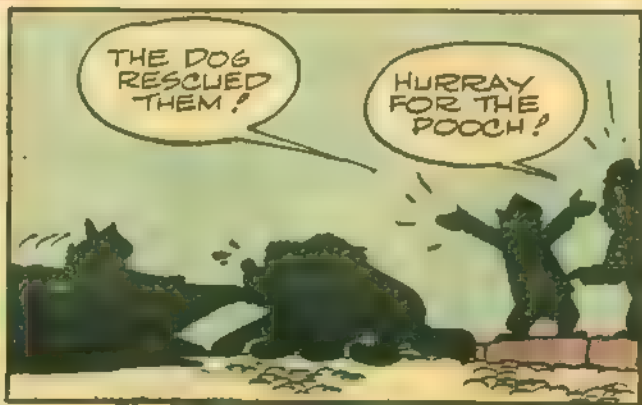
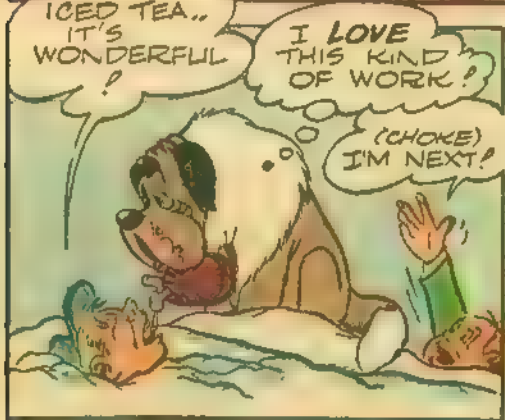
THE HEAT MUST
BE GETTIN' HIM,
TYKE!

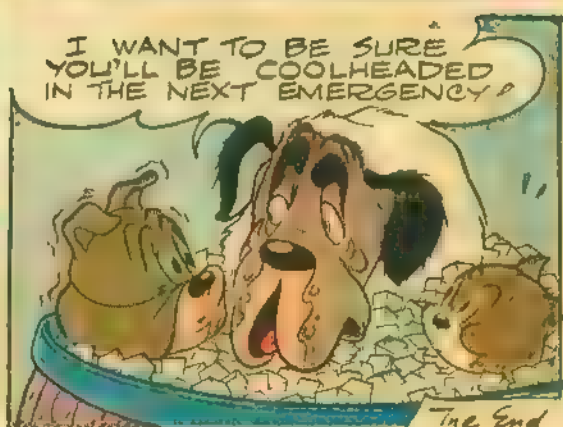
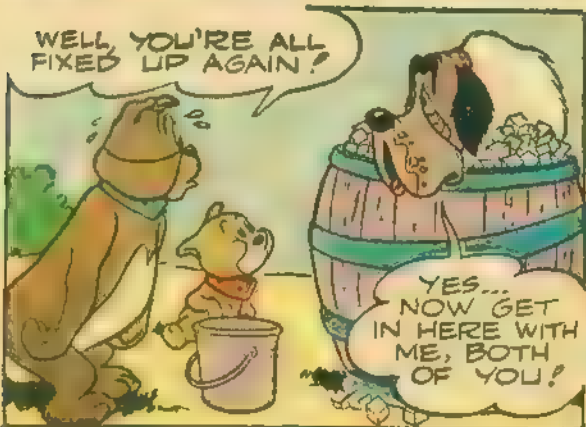
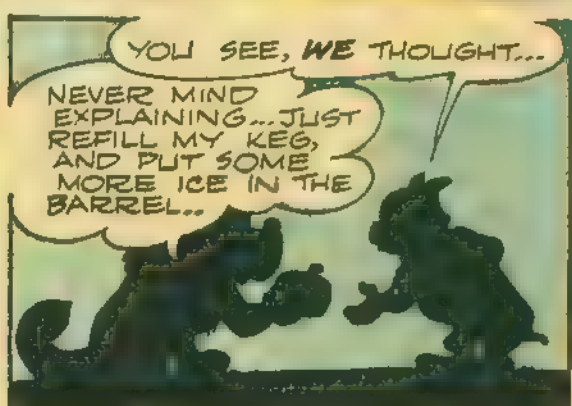
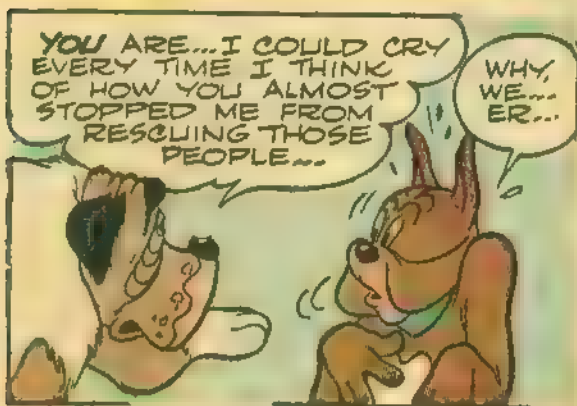
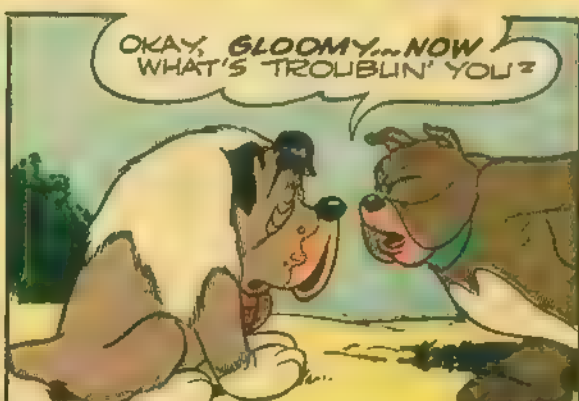
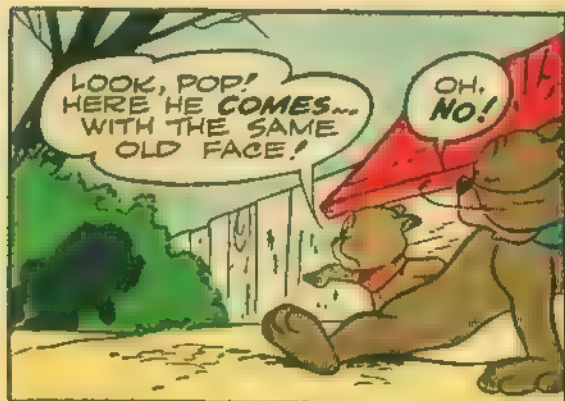
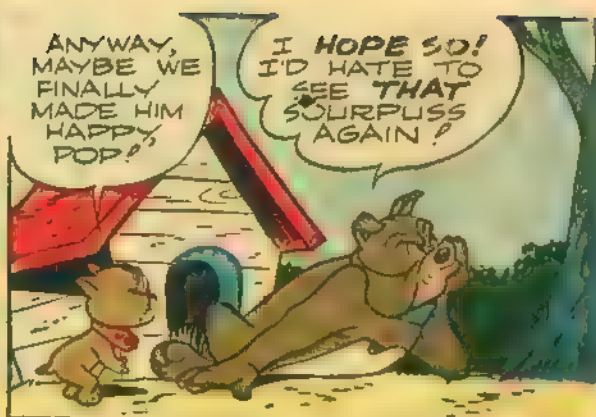
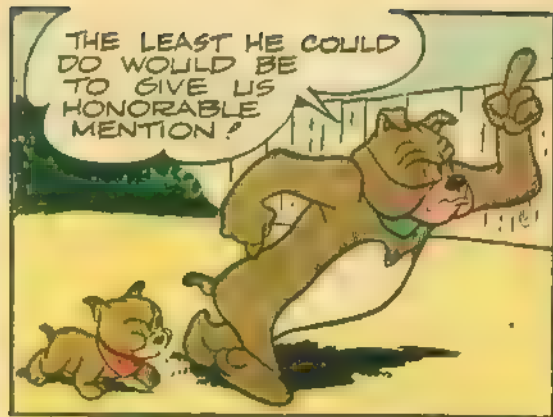
YEAH...
WHOEVER
HEARD OF A
SNOWSTORM
IN THIS
KIND OF
WEATHER?





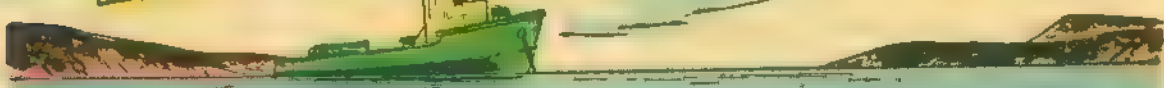






BERTIE BIRD'S

BEACH GAME



Bertie Bird was scared! For a long time he had winged his way lazily through the soft summer air, with no thought of where he might be going. But now, as he looked down at the lovely white beach, he chirped fearfully, "I must be lost! I never saw this place before!"

The sand looked so nice and soft, Bertie forgot to be afraid. He coasted down and perched excitedly on a white stone wall overlooking the beach.

Suddenly a lot of spindly-legged, sand-colored birds swooped down and began playing near the water. Bertie never saw birds chasing waves before! Then, the waves seemed to be chasing the birds!

Bertie Bird shook his head sadly. "Oh dear," he sighed as he watched their antics. "Those silly birds are playing too near the water. If they aren't careful the waves will surely drown them." But as he watched he began to enjoy it.

"It must be a game," he laughed. "Maybe it's ocean tag. Might be fun. I think I'll play, too!"

Running down to the beach in the soft sand was not easy. Bertie's little legs were too short, and the sand was much too soft. He sank deep into it and came up sputtering!

"Ah-ka-choo!" sneezed Bertie, as the sand sprayed over his face. He beat his wings hard to pull himself up to a safe height and fluttered back to the safety of the sea wall. Flipping his wings as fast as he could, he finally shook off all the sand.

"My, those big birds are smart," thought Bertie. "They play in the wet sand. No wonder they don't sink in!"

Bertie hopped off the wall and flew down to the damp, firm beach. Some of the big birds stopped their playing and stared at Bertie.

"Hi," Bertie Bird greeted them in his friendliest manner.

One of the big birds tripped up to Bertie to answer, "How-do-you-do?" He did not seem too friendly, so Bertie smiled and tried again to make friends.

"My name is Bertie Bird. What's yours?"

"The name is Sammy Sandpiper, and these are all my family and friends," replied the big bird very sedately.

"Oh dear," sighed Bertie to himself. "He's not a bit friendly. I wish I could play ocean tag with them. But if I ask him he'll surely say no." Bertie turned away sadly and was just about to take flight when a gay, dancing little Sandpiper flitted up to him.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Sally Sandpiper, Sammy's youngest little sister. Would you like to play with us for a while?"

Bertie was instantly charmed with her friendliness and answered quickly. "That would be fun!"

"Come on then, Bertie, we're playing over here." Sally Sandpiper skimmed lightly and gracefully over the beach to a group of younger birds.

"Are you playing ocean tag?" asked Bertie breathlessly, following as fast as he could.

"Oh, gracious, no," laughed Sally. "We call this game digging-for-our-dinner."

"Oh, OH! So THAT'S what you're doing. When you stick your beak in the wet sand, you're digging-for-your-dinner!"

"We sure are," piped up a little Sandpiper. "If we're not fast on our feet, the big Sea

Gulls chase us away and get all the best sea food for themselves."

"D'you think I might try digging-for-my-dinner, too?" asked Bertie eagerly.

"W-e-l-l, I'm afraid your legs are too short, Bertie," said Sally. She knew this remark might hurt Bertie, so she quickly added, "Let's just play tag here on the beach." But before Bertie could say a word, a loud cry of warning came from Sammy Sandpiper.

"What's that?" chirped Bertie.

"Quick, Bertie, FLY, FLY, FOLLOW ME! THE SEA GULLS ARE COMING!"

Bertie soared into the air and raced after Sally and her friends. All the Sandpipers made a beautiful formation as they sailed swiftly through the air. They were heading for the large rock at the North End of the beach.

When they finally made it, Bertie Bird fluttered down on the large rock, panting from the race. Sammy Sandpiper patted him with a wing tip and said kindly, "Good for you, Bertie! I was afraid you wouldn't make it."

"So — was — I —," gasped Bertie, slowly trying to recover his breath. "Will the Sea Gulls stay there long?"

"For the rest of the day," wailed a little Sandpiper. "We'll be awfully hungry before the sun goes down."

"Can't we scare 'em away?" asked Bertie innocently.

"We could . . . if we could make a noise like a fishing boat coming in," laughed Sally with a twinkle in her eye. "Then they'd rush for the fishing pier."

Bertie was amazed at the funny life these beach birds led. "Do they help the fishermen with the boats?" he asked.

"Ho, Ho, Ha, Ha," laughed the Sandpipers. "You are a funny one, Bertie."

"You see, Bertie," explained Sally smilingly, "the Sea Gulls swoop down on the baskets of fish as they are hauled up to the pier from the fishing boats. They just help themselves to the fish."

Bertie wished that there was something he could do to scare those old Sea Gulls away. He wished he could help his new friends before starting back home.

Gazing far out to sea, Bertie thought he saw a big boat. "Wonder if it's a fishing boat," he murmured.

Then, without a thought for his own safety, Bertie was in the air heading directly for the boat. It was a long way out, but he made it! He circled around it, noticing large bins full of fish.

"I gotta get one somehow," he thought to himself. Diving down, Bertie snapped up a little fish in his beak, pivoted sharply, and flew straight for the shore and the Sea Gulls.

With all his might and main Bertie, with the little fish in his beak, flew 'round and 'round the Sea Gulls until they noticed him. Then, PLOP! Bertie tossed the tiny fish right into the middle of the hungry gulls! Zooming high into the air, he darted out to sea again in the direction of the fishing boat.

Bertie's idea worked perfectly! A few of the selfish gulls fought over the small fish he had dropped, but others whipped into the air with a great WH-i-rrr-ing of wings, following little Bertie.

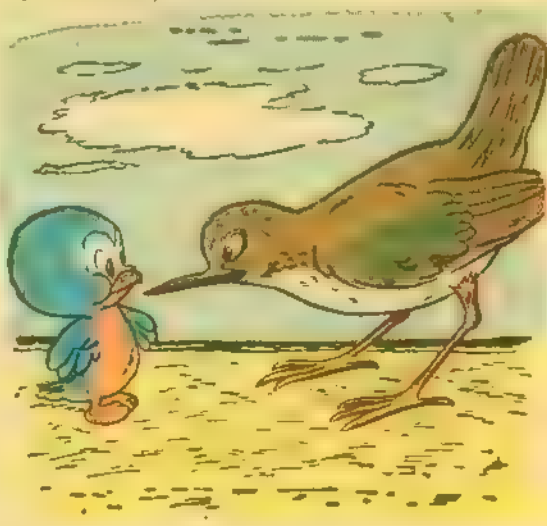
As soon as he saw the beach was cleared of all the Sea Gulls, Bertie reversed his course and returned to the big rock.

"Bravo, bravo, Bertie!" cried the Sandpipers, who had watched Bertie from the time he left them.

"That was the nicest thing for you to do, Bertie," said Sally Sandpiper gratefully.

"And a smart trick," added Sammy Sandpiper warmly, "you out-smarted them."

"Back to the beach now . . . and our dinner!" called Sammy to all the Sandpipers. "We can be sure the Sea Gulls won't disturb us for the rest of the day, thanks to our BRAVE new friend, BERTIE BIRD!"



M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

WUFF,

the
PRAIRIE DOG

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY,
WUFF!

OH,
SURE,
SAMMY...
THANKS!

BUT... WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
WHAT ABOUT YOUR BIRTHDAY
PARTY?

I JUST DON'T
KNOW,
SAMMY.

I SENT OUT PLENTY OF INVITATIONS,
BUT NOBODY
SHOWED
UP.

GOSH! ALL THAT
YUMMY CAKE AND ICE
CREAM GOING TO
WASTE!

NOT ENTIRELY WASTED! THE
TWO OF US CAN STILL HAVE
A PARTY! BUT
FIRST, WE'LL
GO
SWIMMING...

AW, WUFF!
YOU KNOW
THIS HEAT
WAVE
DRIED UP
ALL THE
SWIMMING
HOLES!

YEAH? WELL, LOOK OVER THERE!
GEE! MAYBE IT'S A NEW
LAKE CAME
FROM
SOMEWHERE!

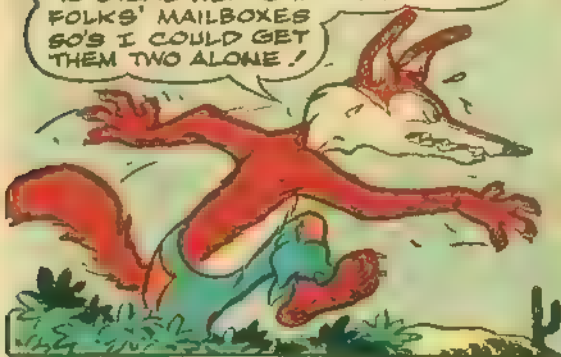
FROM ONE OF THOSE
UNDERGROUND
RIVERS YOU HEAR
ABOUT.

COME ON! I'LL CARRY THE
CAKE AND
ICE
CREAM!
AND I'LL GO FETCH
OUR INNERTUBES
TO
FLOAT
ON!

HURRY, SAMMY! A SWIM
WILL HIT THE SPOT.

NOT IF THE
ICE CREAM
HITS IT
FIRST!
HA, HA!

HEE, HEE! I WAS SMART ENOUGH
TO STEAL WUFF'S INVITES FROM
FOLKS' MAILBOXES
SO'S I COULD GET
THEM TWO ALONE!



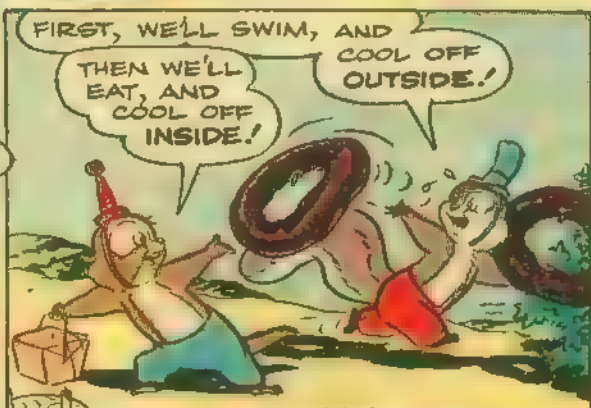
AND NOW THEY'LL BE SO
DROOPY FROM EATIN' SWEETS
THAT I'LL CATCH
'EM EASY
AS PIE!



I DON'T WANT TO BE
LATE TO THIS PARTY!
I'M HAVIN PRAIRIE DOG
AN' SQUIRREL,
STUFFED WITH
CAKE AN' ICE
CREAM! DEE-LISHUS!
HEE, HEE!

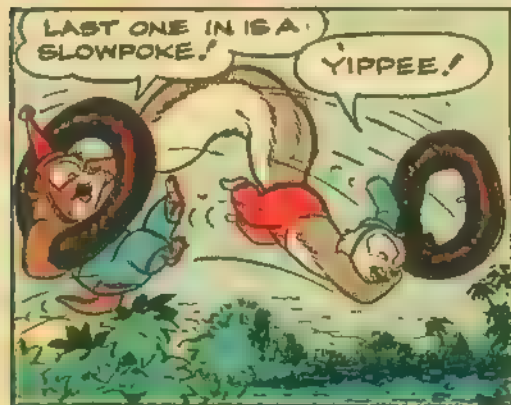


FIRST, WE'LL SWIM, AND
COOL OFF
OUTSIDE!
THEN WE'LL
EAT, AND
COOL OFF
INSIDE!



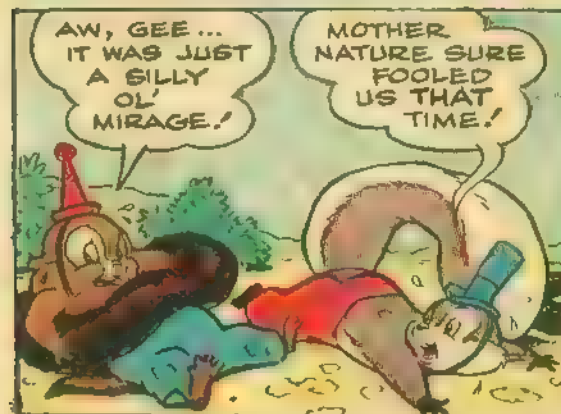
LAST ONE IN IS A
SLOWPOKE!

YIPPEE!

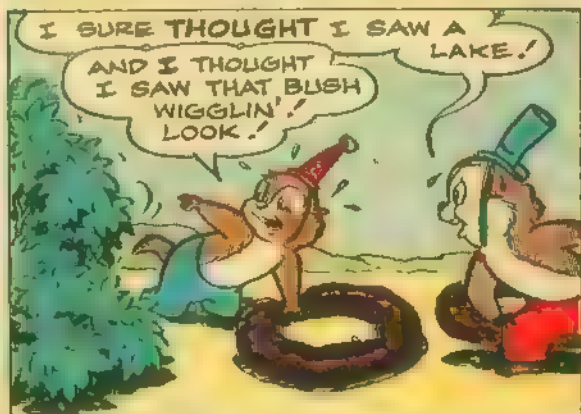


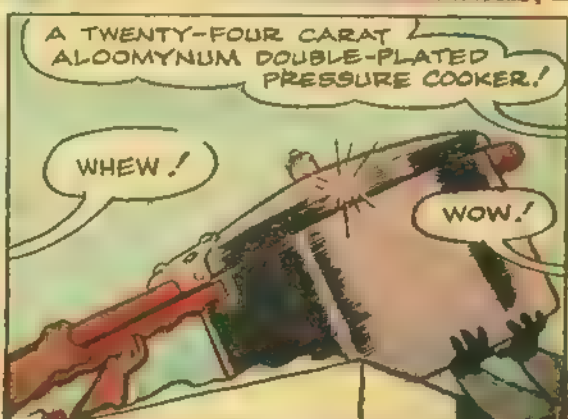
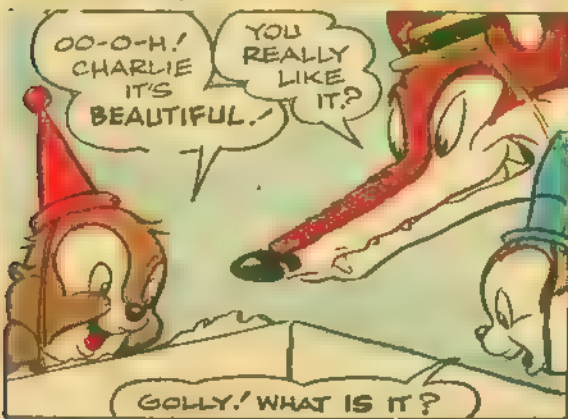
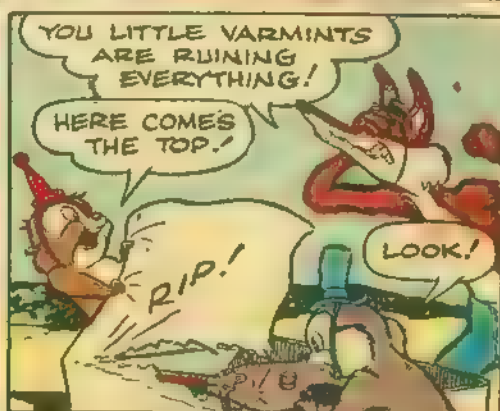
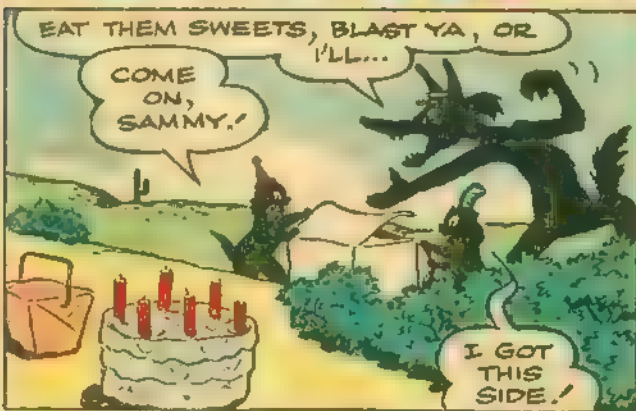
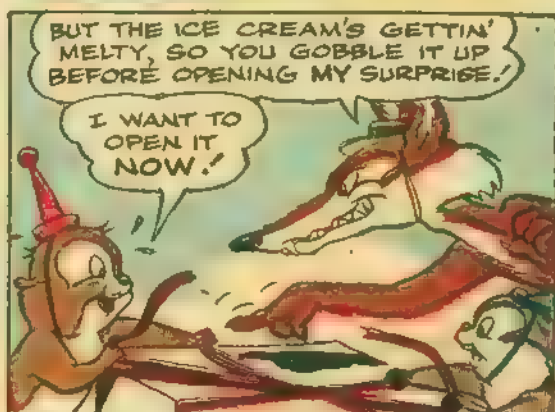
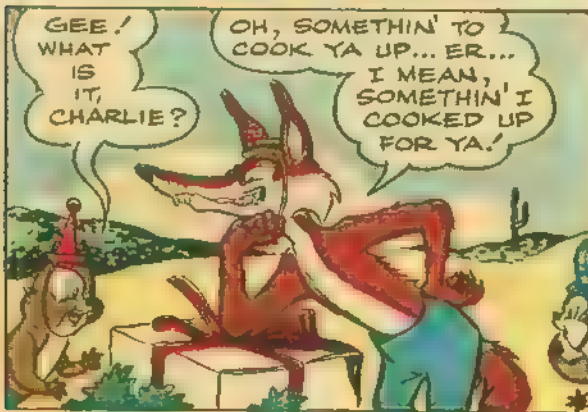
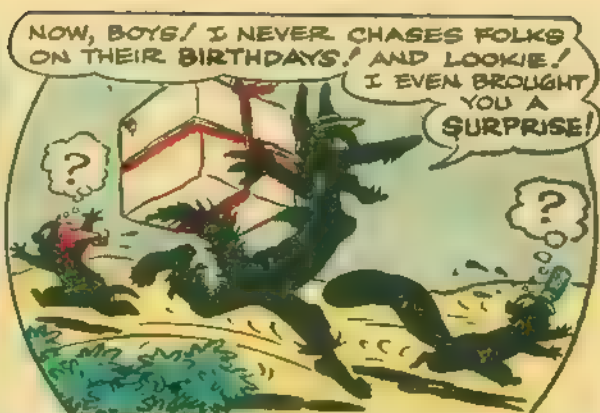
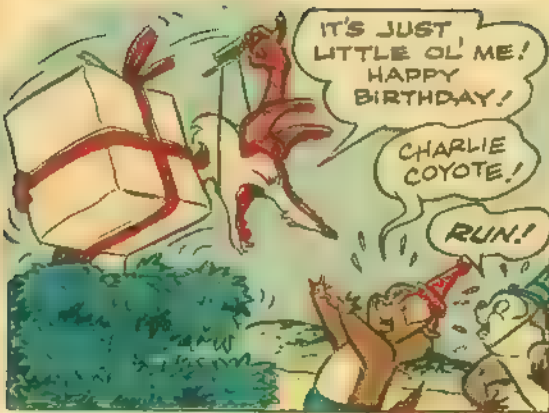
AW, GEE...
IT WAS JUST
A SILLY
OL' MIRAGE!

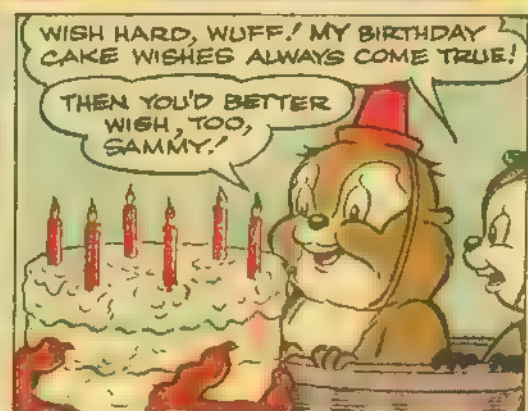
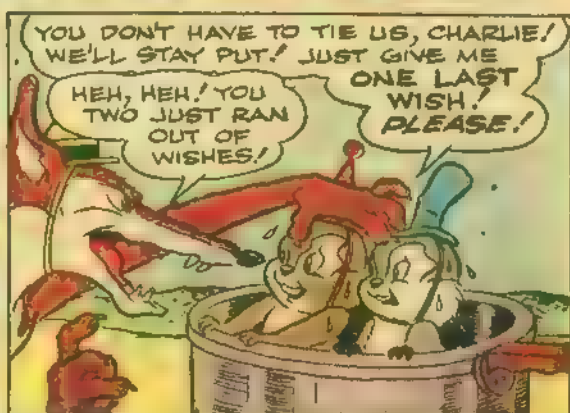
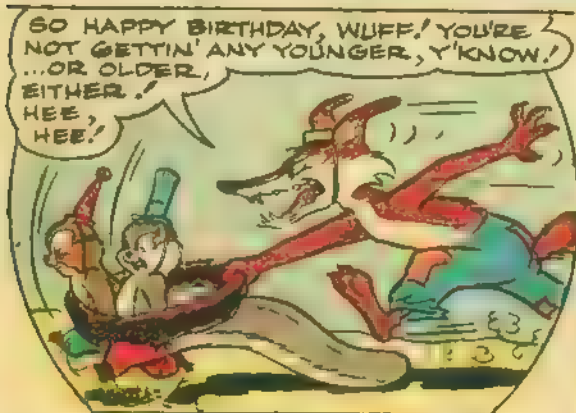
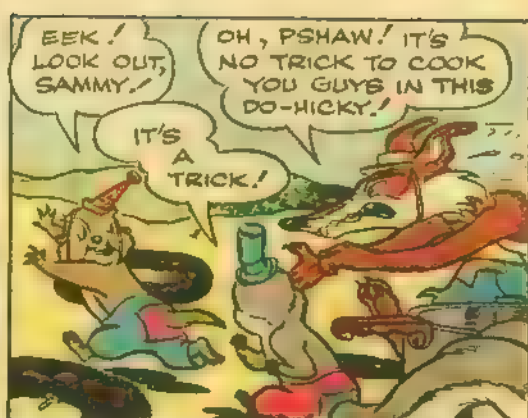
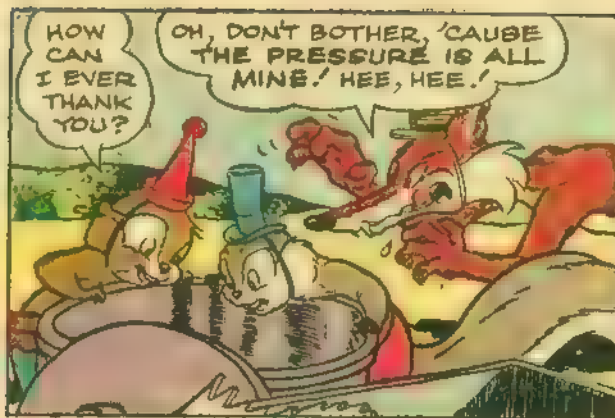
MOTHER
NATURE SURE
FOOLED
US THAT
TIME!

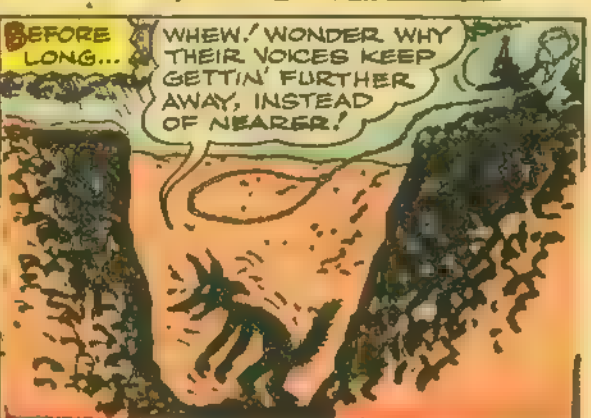
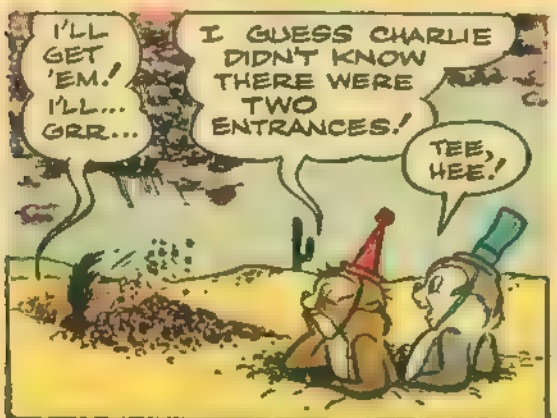
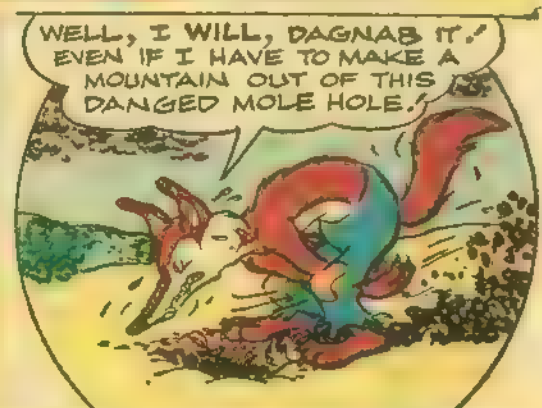
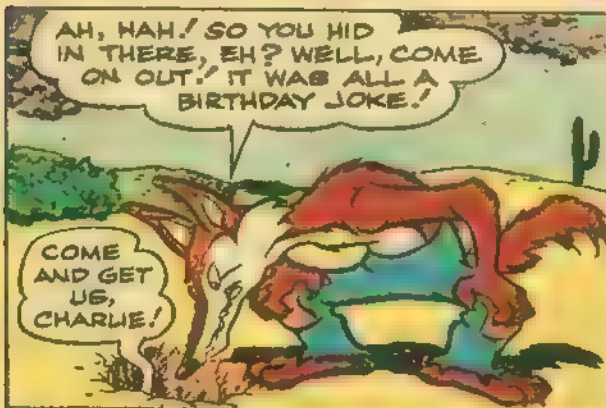
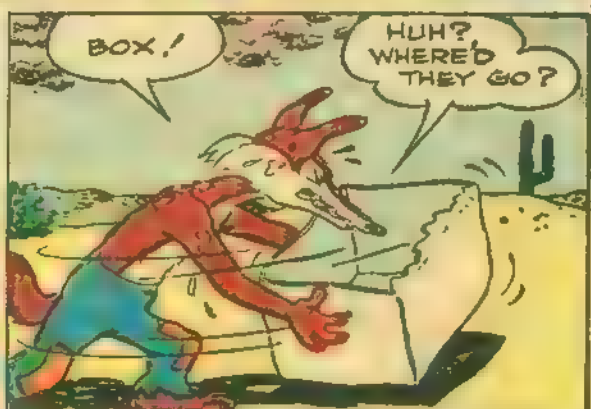
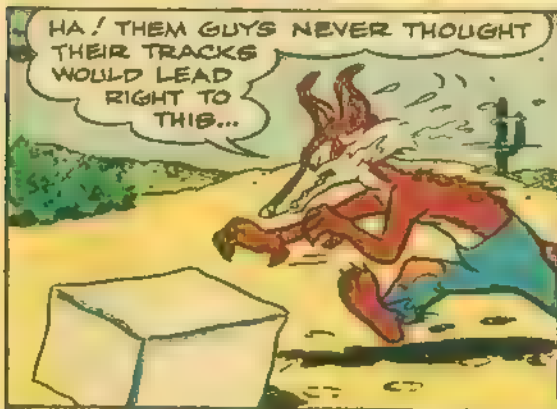
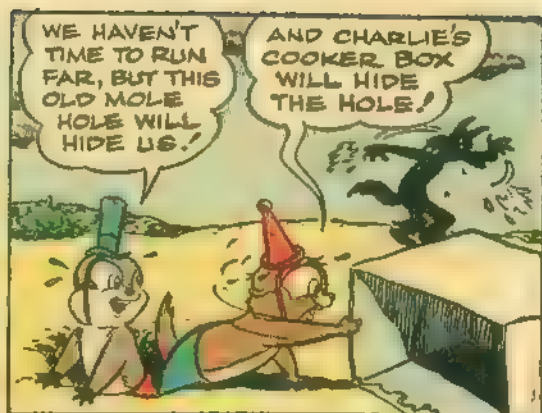
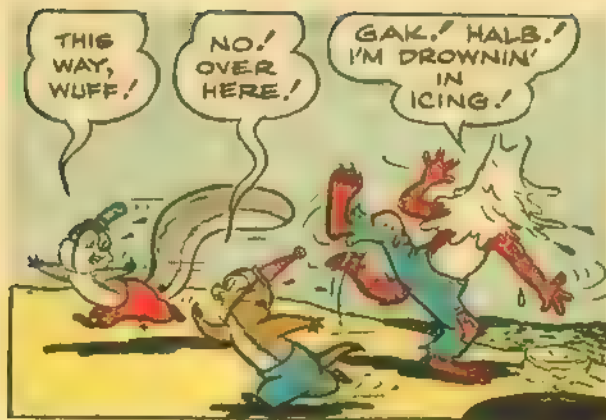


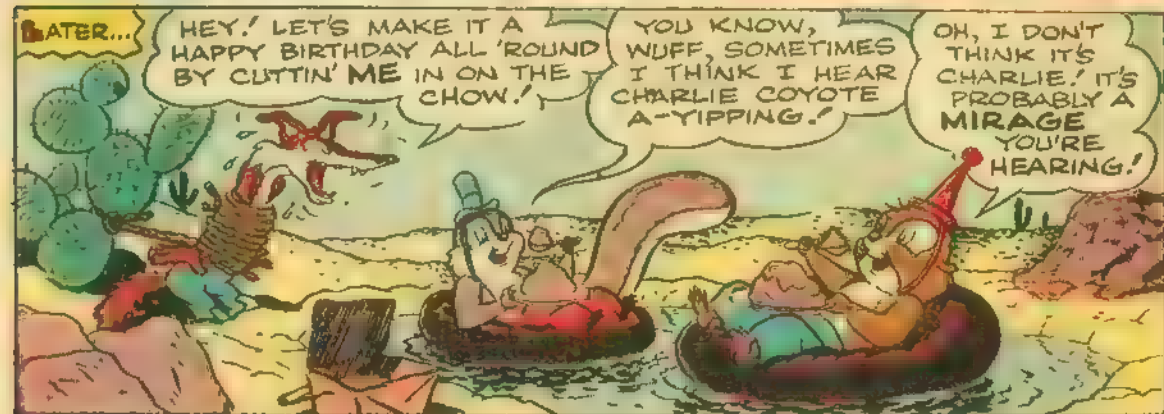
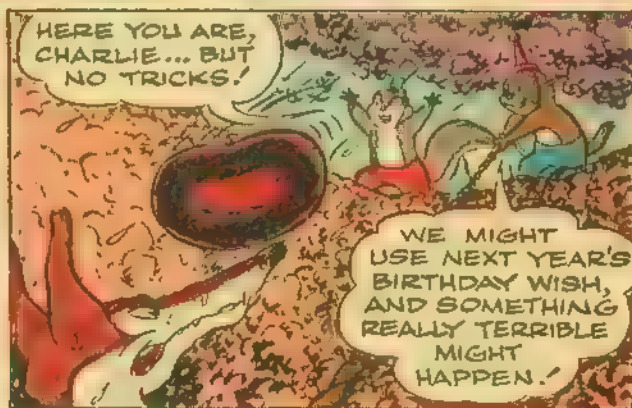
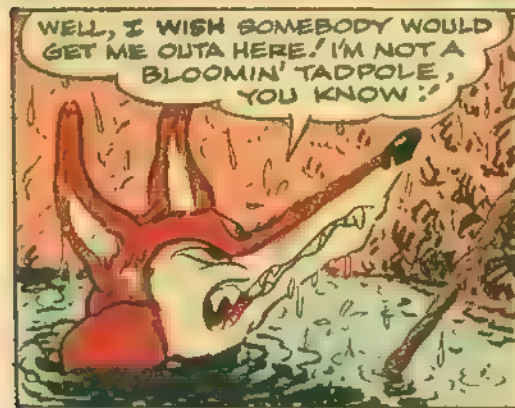
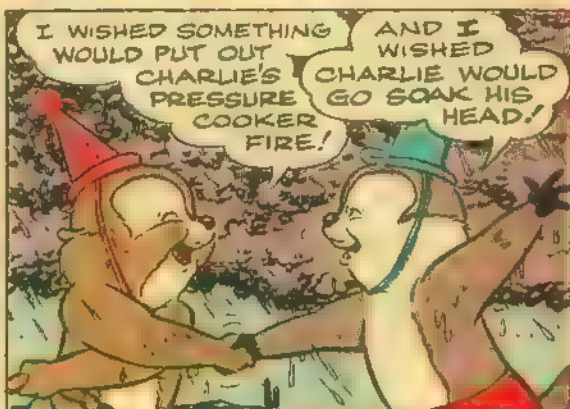
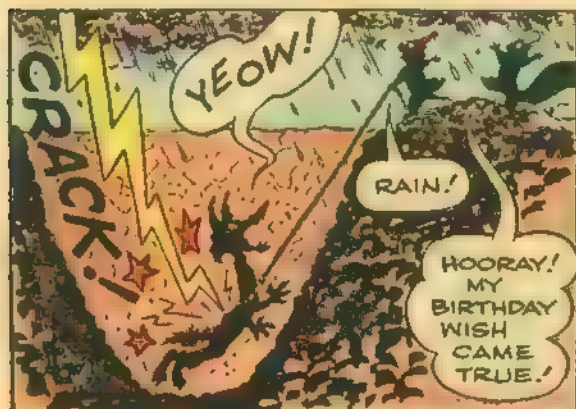
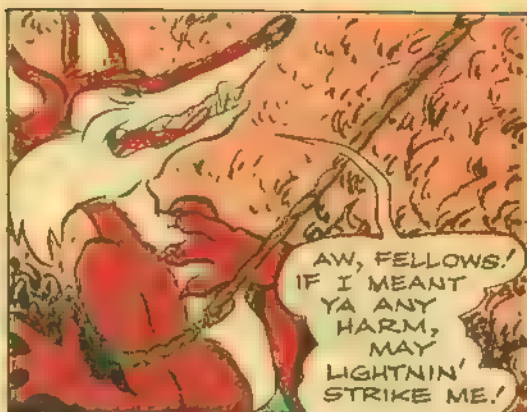
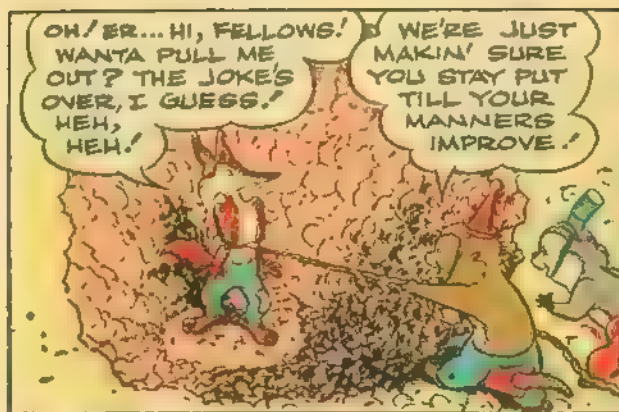
I SURE THOUGHT I SAW A
LAKE!
AND I THOUGHT
I SAW THAT BUSH
WIGGLIN'
LOOK!







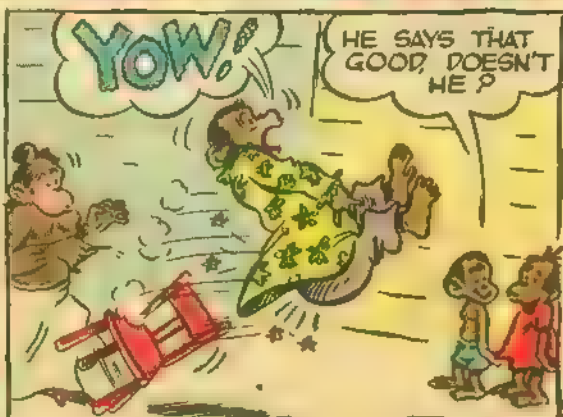
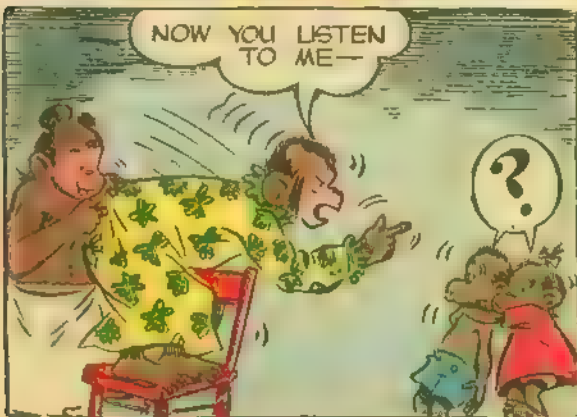
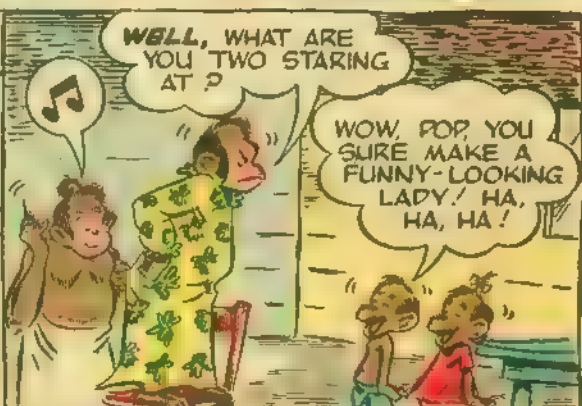
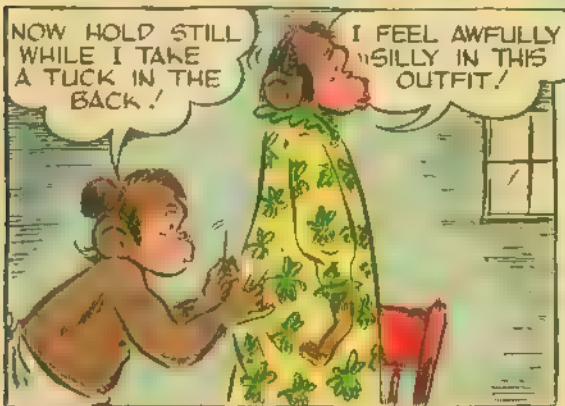
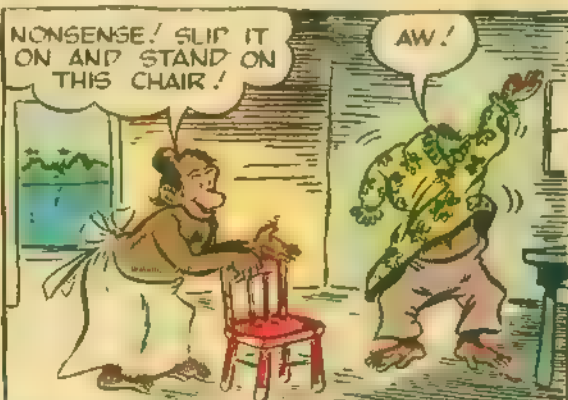
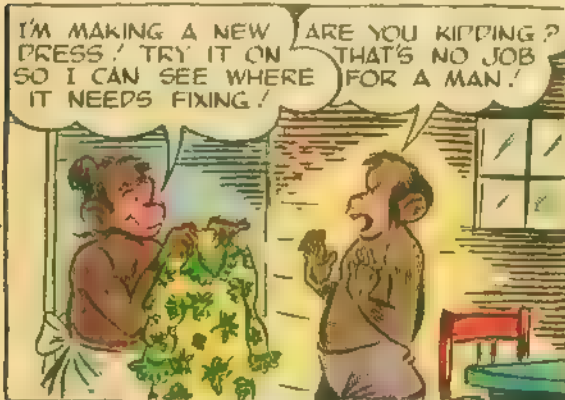


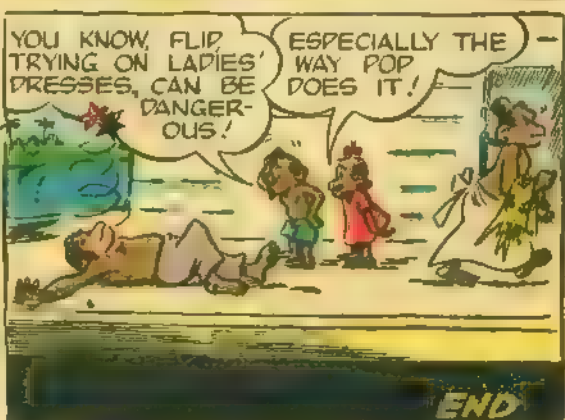
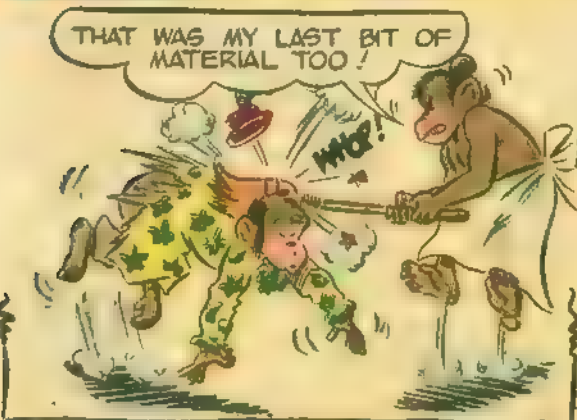
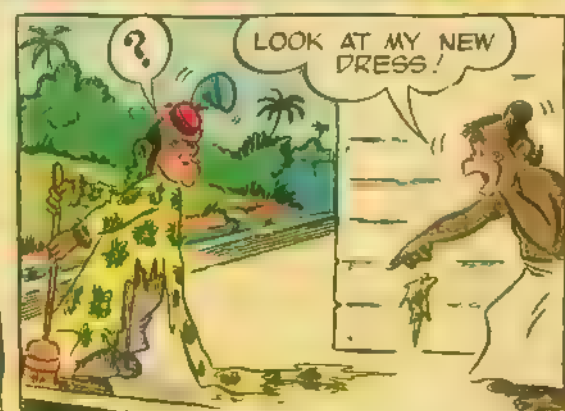
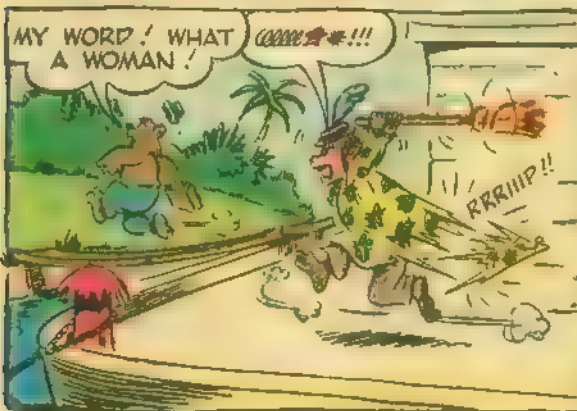
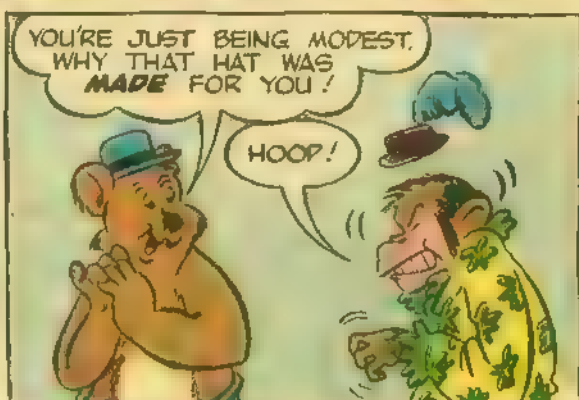
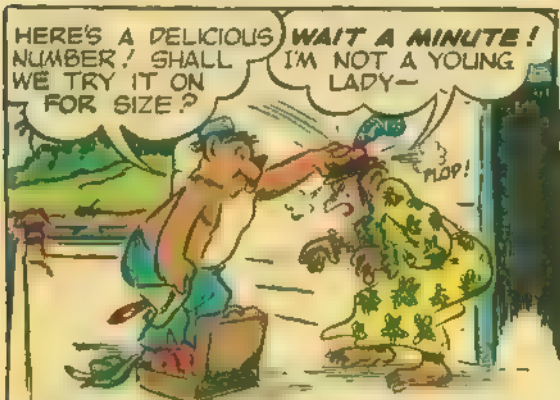
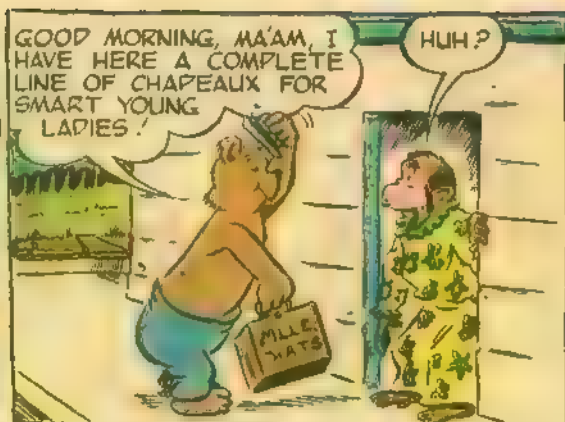
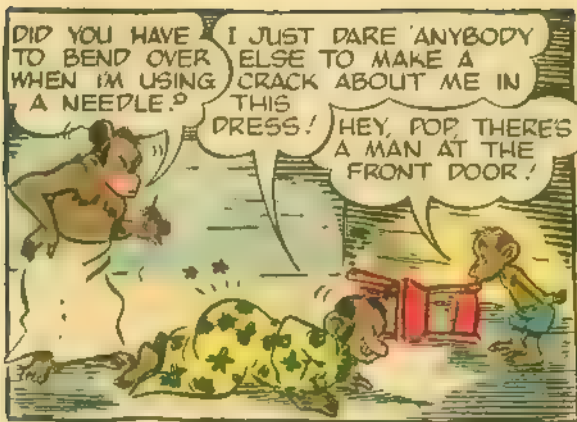


FLIP 'N' DIP

WAKE UP, PA, I NEED
YOUR HELP!

HUH?





M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

GOSH IT'S HOT! SURE
WOULD BE A GOOD DAY
TO GO SWIMMIN',
BENNY!

IT SURE
WOULD!

BUT THERE'S NO PLACE TO
GO, AROUND HERE!

I KNOW... EVER SINCE THE OLD
SWIMMIN' HOLE DRIED UP,
THE ONLY PLACE TO GET
WET IS IN THE BATH-
TUB!

SAY! WHY DON'T WE DIG OURSELVES
A SWIMMING POOL?

THAT'S
A GREAT
IDEA!

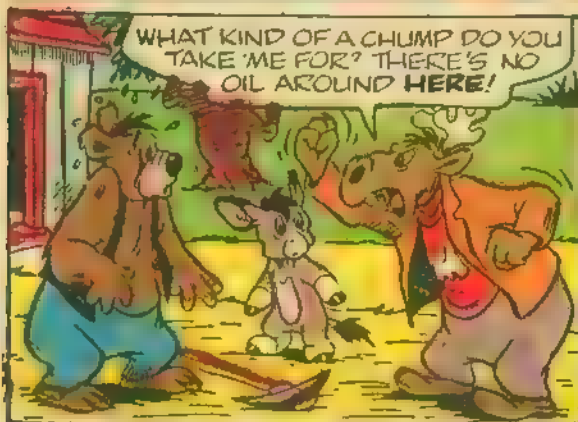
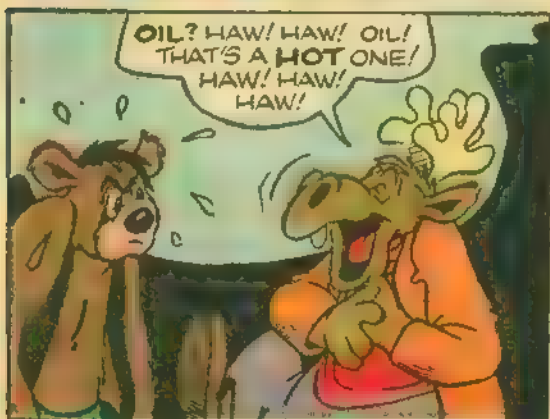
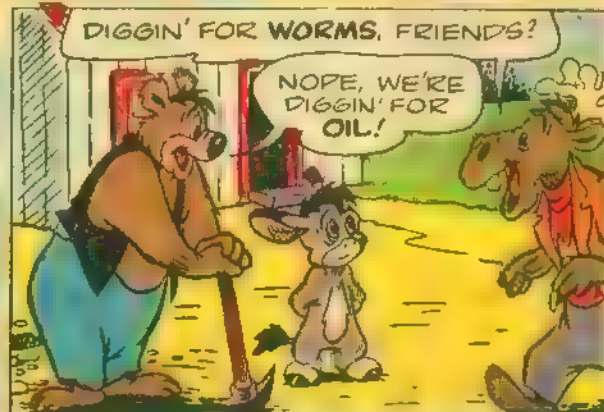
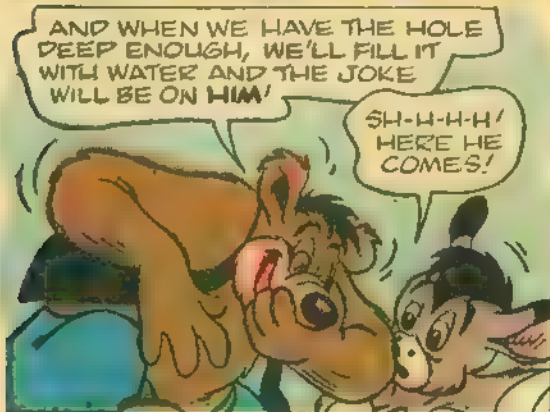
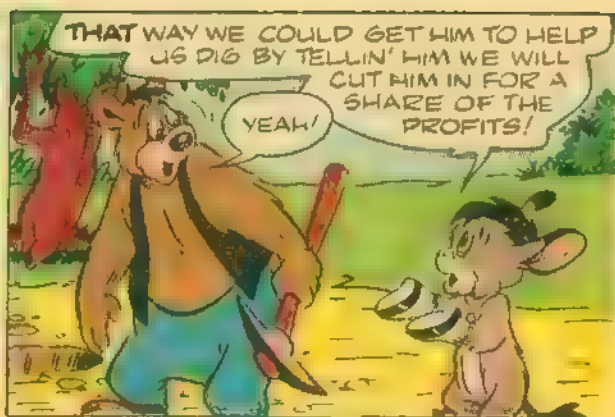
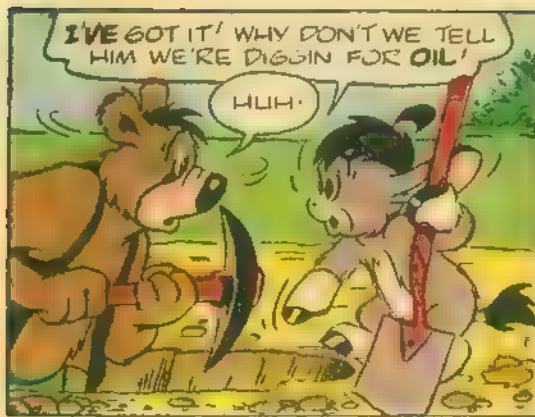
I'VE GOT PLENTY
OF ROOM FOR A POOL
AT THE BACK OF
MY HOUSE!

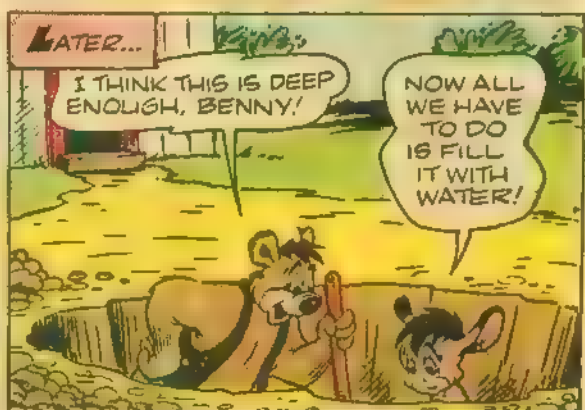
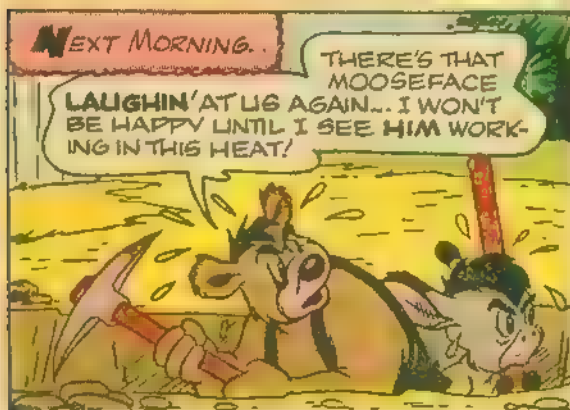
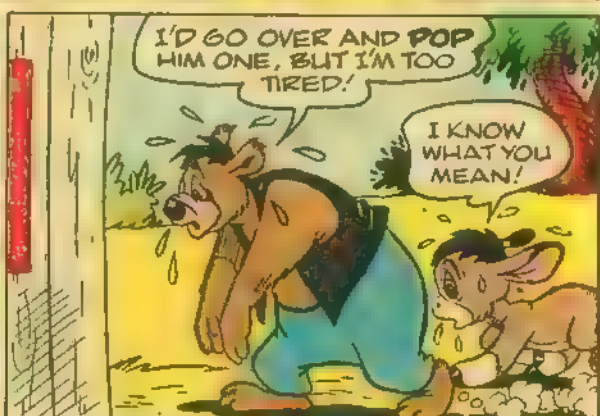
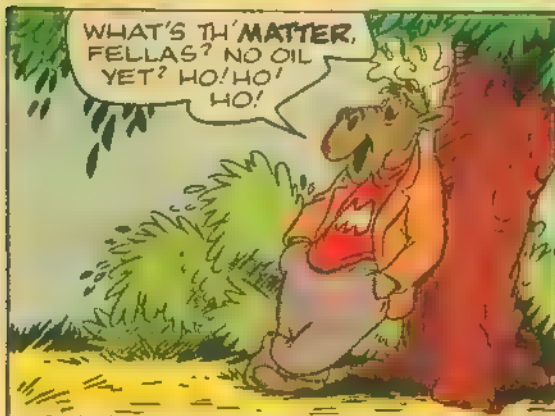
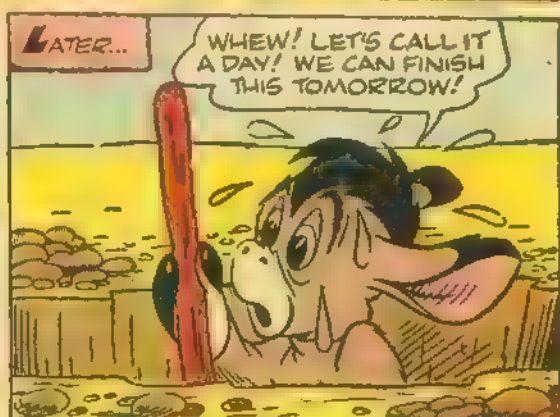
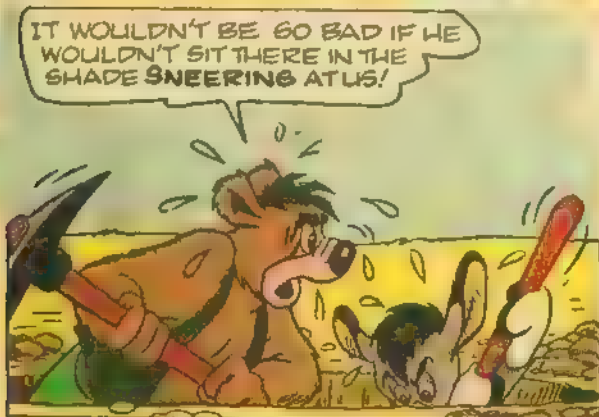
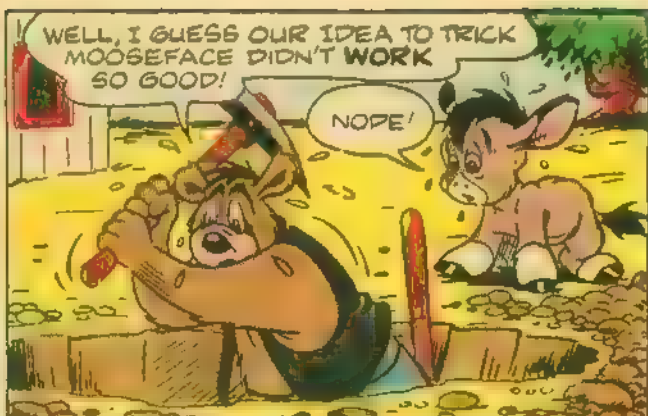
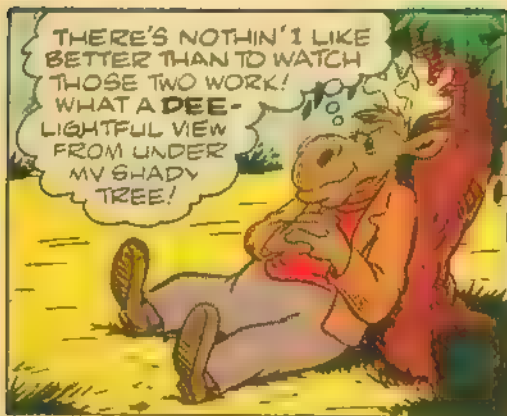
SURE!
LET'S GET
STARTED!

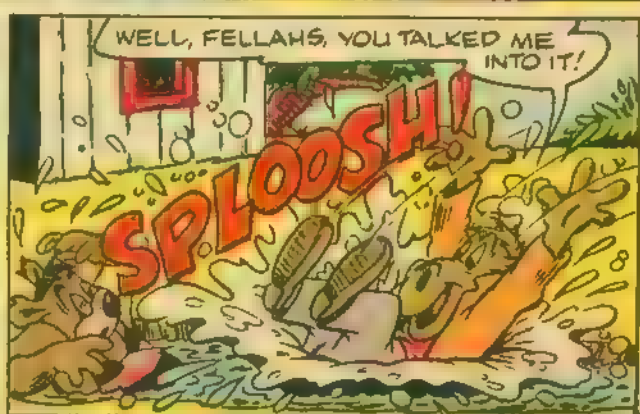
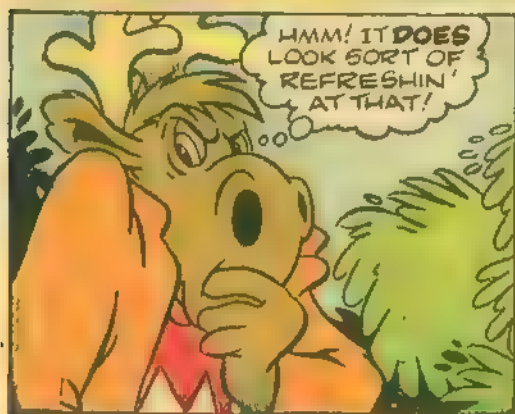
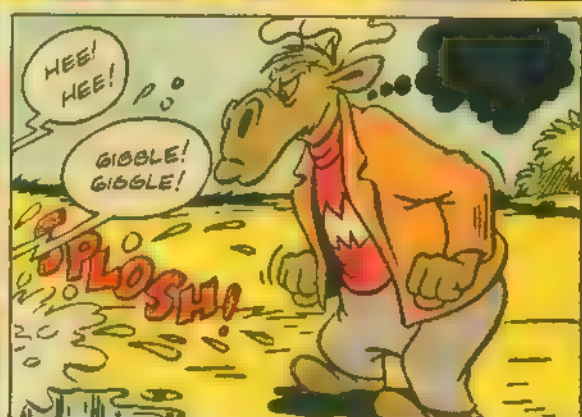
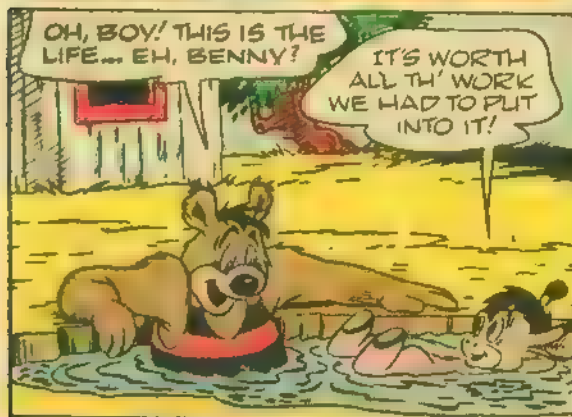
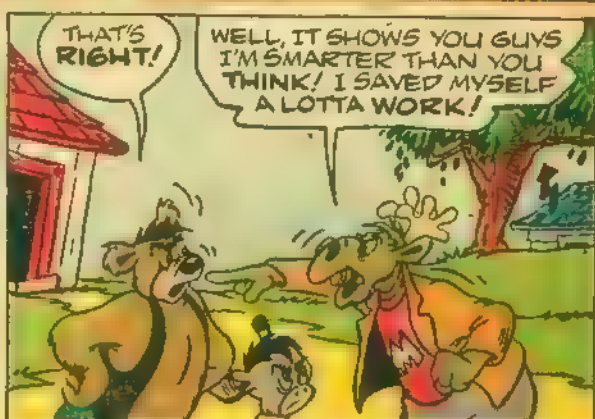
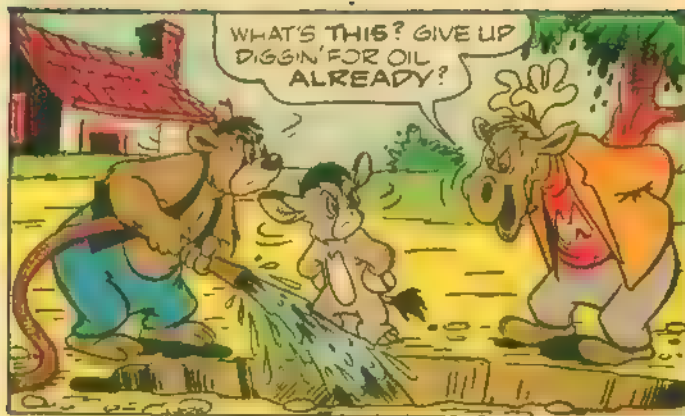
THIS IS GOING
TO BE HARD
WORK, BUT
IT'LL BE
WORTH
IT!

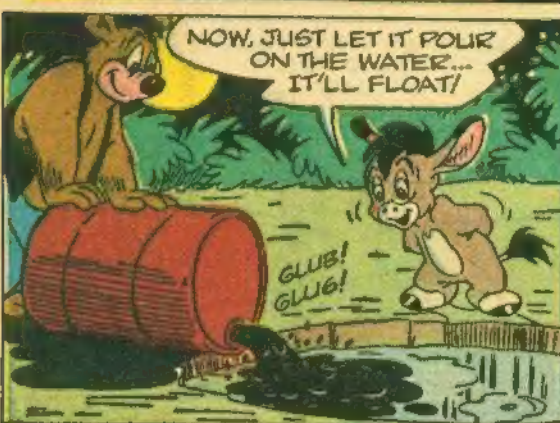
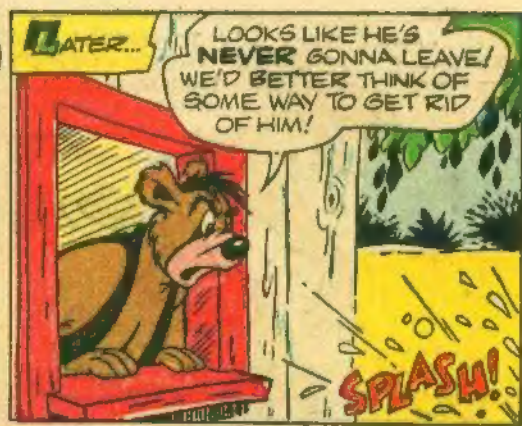
MOOSEFACE IS WATCHIN' US!
I SUPPOSE HE WONDER'S
WHAT WE'RE DOIN'!

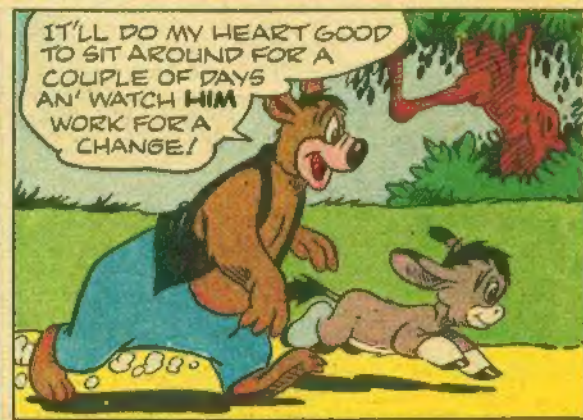
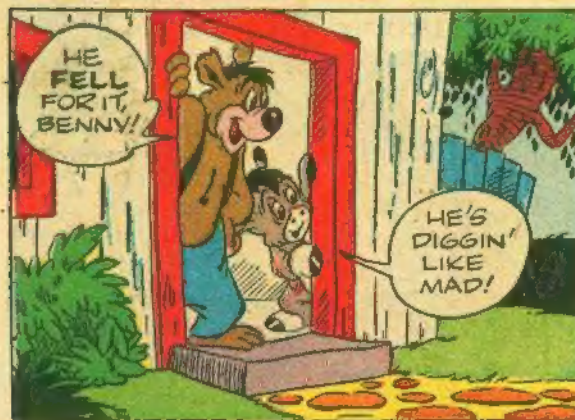
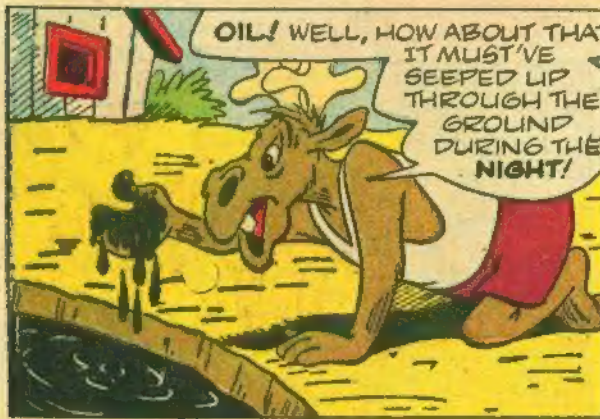
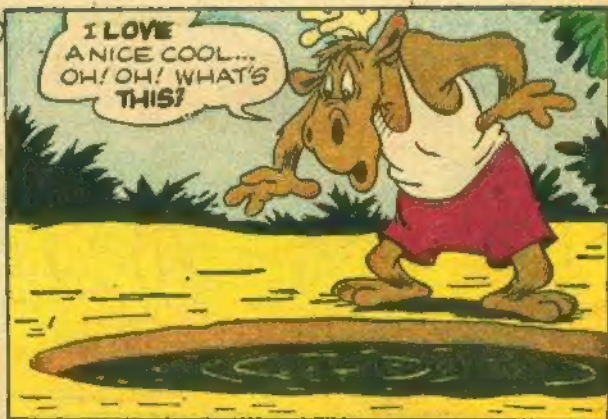
LET HIM
WONDER!



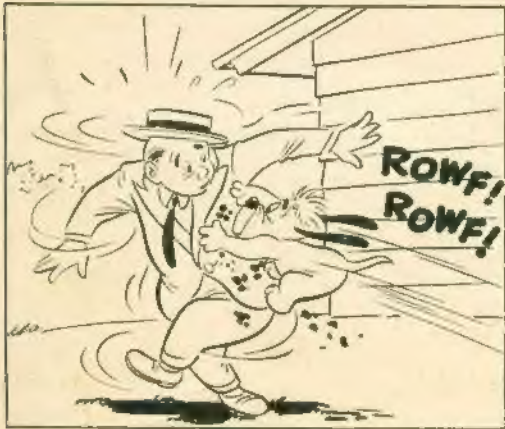
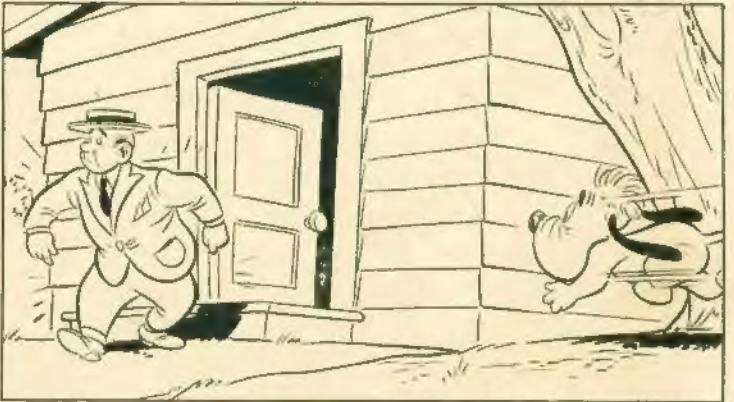
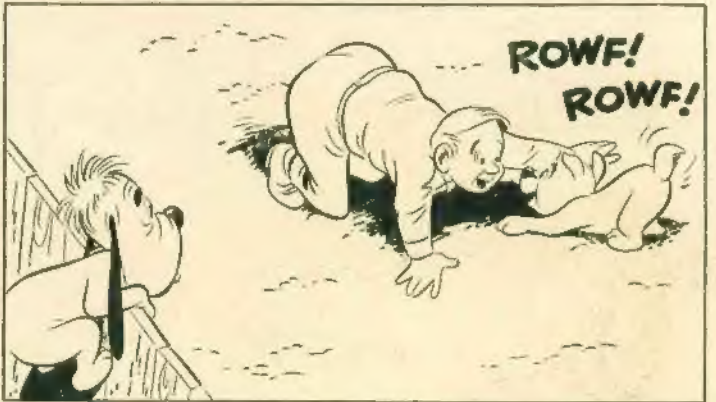
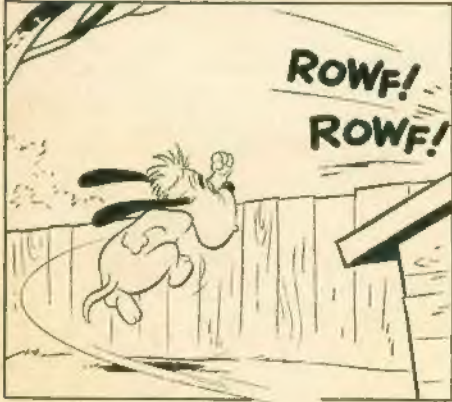








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